


The Arsenal Cannon
EGYPTIAN NUMBER
June 1924



DORIS FRALICK COM. ART



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THE ARSENAL CANNON



VOL. XXIII

NO. 17

PUBLISHED BY
ARSENAL TECHNICAL
SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS

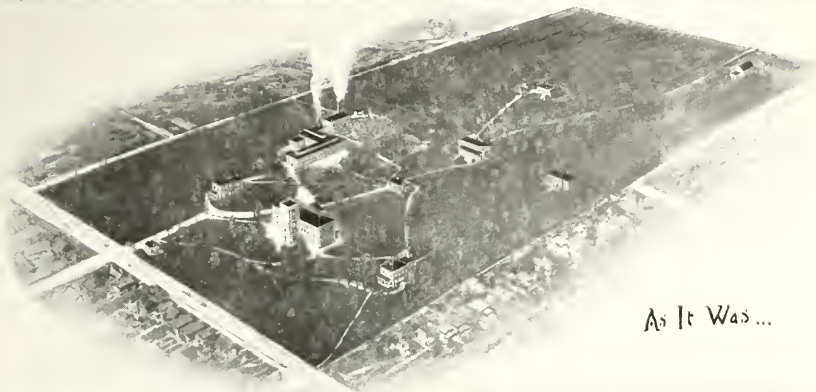
Julia Ann Hunt

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TO FRED GORMAN
the Athletic Sponsor of
Tech, who has ever
Encouraged and Worked
for the True Victories of
Our Teams

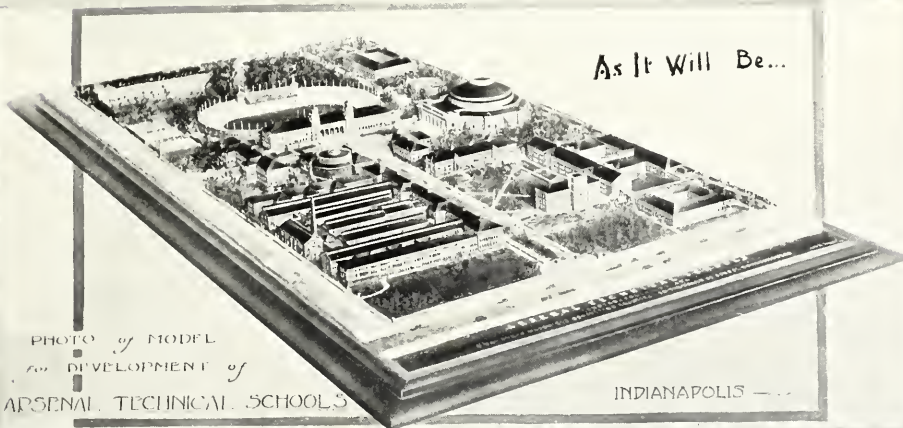
Genevieve McNellis June 28



As It Was...



As It Is...



As It Will Be...

PHOTO OF MODEL
FOR DEVELOPMENT OF
ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

INDIANAPOLIS —



Tech's Newest Addition



"Snow Bound"



Tech's Newest Addition



The New Lilac Lane

With the CAMERA MAN



The Fresh Air School



After the Storm



The Arsenal Bld'g



Poques Run in the Spring







First Aid Dept



The Shining Light



A Close Shave



A-hem!



Queen Cook



PERSONAL PERSONALITIES



Young Hopefuls



The Fiery Steed



Temptation



You Win



Class in Action



Five Minutes to Go



Passing By

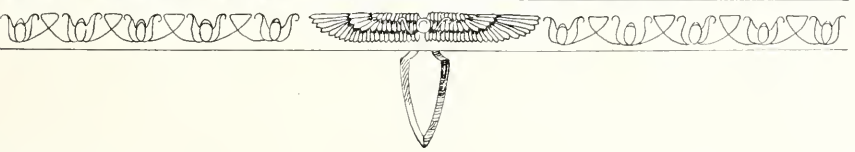
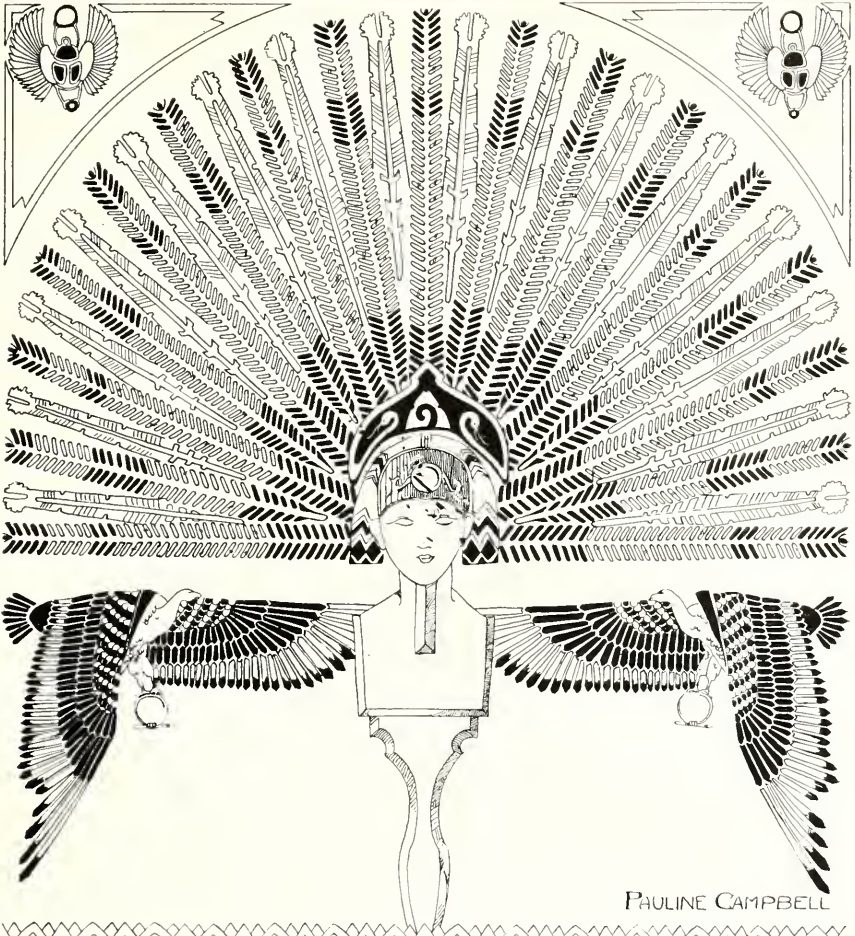


Cannon Day



The Family Horse

SENIORS





Maurice Rush
Sergeant-at-arms

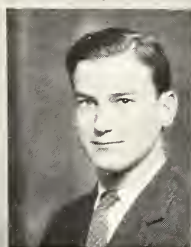
Senior Class Officers



Archie A. Marcey
Historian



Ruth E. Duvall
Secretary



Thoburn Maxwell
President



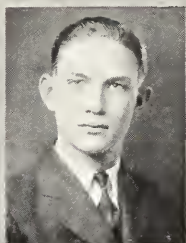
Eugenia Harris
Vice-President



O.K. McKittrick
Treasurer

June

1924



Ralph J. Hood
Will-maker



Helen H. Brown
Poet



Mary Latham
Will-maker



George Hite
Prophet



Mabel Wandt
Song-writer



Alice Phillips
Prophet



Thompson Abbett



Jane Adams



Naomi Lvall Adams



Edith L. Addison



Dorothy R. Allen



Lorene Allen



Oran E. Allen



Martha Armitage



Alice Arnold



Kathleen Aughe



Harry T. Baker



Lucille Ball



Fay Banta



Dan Barrett



Marvin Bartle



Eber L. Bateman



Nadine Baxter



Robert N. Becker



George E. Beckerich



Richard Benedict



Robert F. Bennett



Beatrice Berry



Charlotte Mae Berryman



Carolene E. Bertland



Eleanor A. Bouvey



Nettie Bovard



Charles W. Dowers



Ona Emily Doyd



Chester Bright



Victor L. Brink



Norman Carl Brock



Louise Brodeur



Isabel L. Broom



Fay Irene Bruen



Martha Brunneman



Lulu Bughard



Maurice Butler



Charles L. Byfield



Alice C. Cain



Violet Beatrice Cain



Carol A. Call



Pauline Campbell



Josephine Cannon



Roberta Carlisle



Gertrude V. Carr



Gilbert T. Carter



Elizabeth Clarke



Lillie J. Claytor



Alliene Cloe



Lois Cluster



Cleona Cole



Elizabeth Coleman



Mae Collins



George Stanley Collyer



Phoebe Corren



Marguerite Ethel Conway



Minor C Conn



Lucille Conway



Helen Coombs



Lucile Cooper



Kenneth C. Cornwell



J. Edward Councilman



Juanita Cox



Harold Crays



Helen Margaret Cring



Dorothy L. Cunningham



Mary Elizabeth Custer



Alton Darner



Fern Davis



Lottie Alean Davis



Marian Elizabeth Davis



Susan Delbrook



Mildred N. Denney



Thelma Ferne Derbyshire



Dorothy Beatrice Dittrich



Merrill Dodd



Mildred Frances Dods



Eugene F. Doerschel



Lela M. Duncan



Lyman D. Eaton



Allen E. Edwards



Charles Eiler Jr.



Lillian Eisenmann



Kathryn V. Emrich



Emil A. Engel



Elizabeth Engle



Clarice English



Robert A. Finney



Neil Firestine



Agnes E. Fischer



Katherine J. Fischer



Marian A. Fiscus



Avanel K. Fisher



Holland Fitch



Alice Flanders



Wilmath Flowers



Roy S. Fogas



Byce Ford



Elizabeth D. Ford



Lester Mark Ford



Esther Luvon Forkner



Ethel Florence Forsee



Charles T. Forsyth



Amelia Foster



Clara V. Foxworthy



Josephine Foye



Doris Fralick



Mary Alice Free



Frieda Frohne



Dorothy Fromer



Maurice Garner



Richard Garrison



Esther Ruth Gebauer



Wm. Edward Gibbons



Eleanor Gibson



George Gilkey



Genevieve Gill



Robert Glassco



Mary Elizabeth Glossbrenner



Earl W. Gluesenkamp



Beatrice Goodpasture



Rose E. Gordon



Helen Gorman



Katherine Griffin



Flora Lucile Griffith



Julia Jean Griffith



Edward Grimes



Helen Grove



Louise C. Grove



Thelma Mae Hackler



Howard W. Hammer



Harry V. Hammond



Robert Hanscom



Robert Harbison



Ruth Harlan



Basil Harrington



John Hayes



John Haynes



Catherine Hedrick



Elsie Louise Emilie Heger



Harold H. Heger



Walter Carl Heierman



Hazel M. Heinrich



Pearl Heiland



Ernest D. Herder



Susan Hiall



Wendell Hickman



Mearolin Hill



Dorothy M. Hinchman



Edith Hindman



Earl Hinds



Gareth M. Hitchcock



Gracia Louise Hodges



Josephine Hoffman



Harold Hollingsworth



Carl Hollman



Alice Hoover



Helen Howard



Jessie Evaline Hufferd



Mauda M. Hughes



Thomas Hughes



Hollis L. Humes



Julia Ann Hunt



Harold P. Jackson



Constance Johnson



Louise Johnston



Blanche Jolley



Alice M. Jones



Dorothy Jones



Katherine Karch



Katherine E. Kares



Lester W. F. Kassing



Pearl Katterjohn



Raymond J. Kalzenberger



John Kerr



Helen Kiesel



Orville Kinder



Donald King



Roscoe Kirkman Jr.



John Kleinhenz



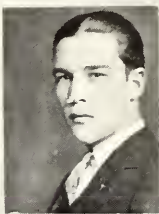
Lowell Klingholz



Raymond William Knight



George W. Koch



Henry D. Kornblum



Ethel Kraas



Lucile Kress



Gertrude Krieg



Cathryn Kuemlich



Alex Thomson Kurz



Rosemary A. Lawlor



Mordecai B. Lee



R. Reid Lee



Barbara Light



Thomas Lippman



Jessie Lloyd



Orlena Lofton



Irma Long



Verele Eugene Lorenz



Ernest Love



Dorothy Kathryn Lovelace



Robert Lowry



Martha A. Ludy



Helen McCaffery



Harry McCalla



Kathryn McCann



Alice McCarthy



Martha Alice McCoun



Jack McCoy



Emerson McGinnis



John McKee



Genevieve McNellis



John W. McPheters



Alfred Maffett



Kurt Mahrdt



Jerome Jesse Manchester



Effie Manhart



Dorothy Marsh



Charles Martin



Frederick Martin



Marie Martin



Gerald O. Martz



Hugh M. Mason



Tessie Matthews



Sarah Elizabeth Matthews



Mildred May



Thelma May



George Mellon



Lois Frances Messick



Freda Michael



Roy Michael



William Miles



J. Walter Miller



Ruth Millington



Flossie Sue Minor



Martha May Minter



Gilbert Moore



Robert D. Moore



Helen Moormann



Neoma Mote



Voss D. Mueller



Hilda Clara Nelson



Elbert A. Newhouse



Ewell Newman



Ralph Nichols



Phyllis Nordstrom



Georgiana Nuerge



Lawrence O'Connell



Martha Olson



Robert O'Neil



Louie Orr



Frieda Overbeck



Mildred V. Oswley



Mildred N. Pease



Wilbur Peine



Kennard R. Perkins



Vera R. Perkins



Frances Peters



J. Robert Phillips



Katrina B. Pickler



Paul K. Porter



Frances E. Powell



Helen Elizabeth Power



Elizabeth June Prather



Mary Alice Purves



Carl Queissor



Ralph Queissor



Albert E. Rebe



James W. Ravenscroft



Gertrude B. Reed



W. Ward Reeves



Peter C. Reilly



Louis H. Rice



Norman Richards



Mary Kathryn Richardson



Otto Richter



Shirl Riffey



Mildred Riser



Horace Robbins



Elmer Roberts



William L. Roberts



Mildred Robinson



Howard Rogers



Kenneth Gerald Rogers



Helen Root



Genevieve Royse



Elsie Ruark



Ada Rubush



Paul Ruskaup



Margaret Schaefer



Richard Schellschmidt



Helen Schmitz



Leonard B. Schmutte



Dorothea Schofield



La Vaughn Schulhoff



Laura Schultze



Loreva Schulze



George Schwab



Martha Schwankhaus



Mary Louisa Schwiir



Viola Sedam



Daniel Selko



Meredith Shaffer



Alice A. Shaw



Katie Shaw



Edwin Sheppard



Frank Sherer



J. Robert Shideler



John Shoemaker



George L. Sibalal



Marie Sifferlen



Robert Simpson



Dorothea Smith



Edward Daan Smith



Harry E. Smith



Helen M. Smith



Janet Smith



Keith Smith



Ray Smith



Leola Elizabeth Smock



Dolores Snyder



Jeannette Sparks



Raymon Sparks



Berwyn Spofford



Beatrice Stafford



R. Niven Stall



Mary Stevenson



Harold E. Stewart



Gladys Swift



Mary Tall



James Taylor



Beulah Louise Teekers



Bernice Thrun



Helen May Tomlinson



Mildred Tredway



Elizabeth Jane Trotter



Jean Turner



Opal Umsted



Mary Vernia



Selma Vincent



Mary Voelcher



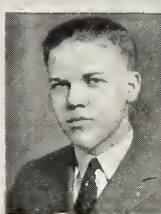
Dorothy Waggoner



Walter Waggoner Jr.



Paul Wirth Waldo



George Watson



Bernice Weers



Lucille E. Welch



Clifford White



Essie White



Lee B. White



Herbert Quenten White



Florence Whittenburg



Helen Louise Wiebke



Forrest O. Wiggins



Rea Williams



Lucile Kirk Wilson



Mildred Wiles



Fridthjof Winger



Helene Winterhoff



Ruth Wirth



Elberta Witt



Nellie Woolgar



Lucile Young



Kenneth E. Deere



Robert C. DuBois



Dorothy Duncan



Carmen Foreman



Thornton F. Graham



Eleanor Winifred Hill



Oscar José, Jr.



Ruth Lucile Leggo



James McCollum



Horace Moorman



Bruce C. Savage



Gilbert Schiesz



Margaret Vandiver



Thelma Wortman



Miss Axtell
Sponsor



Miss Harter
Sponsor



Miss Welch
Sponsor



Louis Zeller

Class Poem.

"Conquering now, and still to conquer"
Armed with right and vision pure.
Ours to find success and keep it,
Ours to conquer and endure.

"Conquering now"—undaunted, steady,
Reaching, learning, travelling far,
Showing by our lives of service
What the nobler virtues are.

Still to conquer in the future -
Still to lift and carry on -
Still to strive, and still to capture
Life's divinest, noblest crown.

"Conquering now and still to conquer"
Our ideals march on before
Guiding us - inspiring ever
Our June class of '24.

Helen H. Brown

The Class History of June '24

SLOWLY, by God's hand impelled, have come and gone the last four years—seemingly long, yet all too short for the pleasant associations and mutual trust that have grown during this brief period.

"History," as Webster defines it, "is the record of events." The onward march of man from the prehistoric caveman struggle with his fellow beings for physical supremacy to the present age, wherein each man vies with his rivals for a coveted place in the business world, is but little more replete with genuine friendships than are the memorable years of '20 to '24.

In the fall of 1920, we came to school as Tech's freshman class. As the poet says, we were "youth large, lusty, loving youth full of grace, force, fascination." We knew we would prove ourselves a dynamic force in the character of the school. Grace, however, was supplanted by that freshman characteristic—unfamiliarity.

Tech welcomed us in a very unusual manner—that is, with the renewal of that famous fall sport, football. Resumption of football after a ten year respite was indeed encouraging. We were all thrilled to see Hal Griggs score the first touchdown, a score which paved the way for a succession of both high school and college gridiron victories. We felt that our youthful enthusiasm, combined with that of the upperclassmen, helped to win the cup the school board offers for competition. After we had seen a few football games and thereby learned what the true Tech spirit is, and after we had become familiar with the Tech customs both in the classroom and on the campus, we settled down to hard work for the remainder of that semester.

The next semester was practically uneventful. We had, in part, surmounted the barrier of freshmen verdure and were eager to live and learn. Our estimation of Tech was raised considerably when, after the din and excitement had quelled, we found we had won sectional basketball honors.

The fall of 1921 marked a considerable expansion of Tech facilities. The Main building was completed at a cost of one and a half million dollars. Our first journey through the building revealed to us the general offices, one hundred recitation rooms, and a well equipped hospital. The New Shop building, the finest equipped vocational, athletic, and scientific building in the Middle West, was completed the following spring. During this period of expansion, Leonard Schmutte, one of our classmates, won the

semi-annual golf tournament. That fall the school was the recipient of a new athletic field. The field is one of the best gridirons in the state, the running track and straightaway being second to none. About the first important event to take place on the new field was the taking of a photograph of the school in a body. This picture now hangs in the office. We beheld that new athletic field in glowing anticipation. All of our fondest hopes have been realized in the excellent football, basket-ball, and baseball teams the school has produced.

When it was time for Better Speech Week, the faculty introduced a novel feature, the Book Campaign. Under the sponsorship of Miss Harter, Miss Goddard, Miss Binnering, Mr. Park, and Mr. Polley, the school endeavored to annex five thousand books to the school library. The result of our Book Week drive netted over seven thousand volumes.

The school year, '21-'22, was a highly successful one for the Technical R. O. T. C. For the first time, Tech was designated an "honor unit." Of the schools in the Fifth Corps Area (including Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia) our school was rated highest in military efficiency. Upon inspection by national army officers, Tech was placed at the head of the twelve R. O. T. C. honor units in the whole country. Our class feels an especial interest in this first great M. T. achievement because most of the boys in our class were taking military training at that time. It was they who aided greatly in winning those coveted honors. The Technical Rifle Team participated in three matches that year. We finished third in the Hearst Trophy Match, second in the National Intercollegiate Match, and first in the Fifth Corps area match. Alex Kurtz and Robert DuBois shot in the corps area match while Lester Kassing, Alex Kurtz, Gerald Martz, and Robert DuBois participated in the Hearst match. Incidentally, Alex made the highest individual score of the corps area match—99 out of a possible 100.

Spring failed in her efforts to play havoc with our blithe spirits by her well known malady, "Spring-fever." Instead, the effect was quite the converse. The baseball team continued its present winning streak by amassing 161 points to our opponents' 21. Maurice Rush was on that team. Thoburn Maxwell, our president, was on our state championship track team.

We returned to school in September '22 with upper class dignity and responsibility. Some of

our members made their football debut—Gil Moore, Thoburn Maxwell, and Maurice Rush. These boys laid the foundation for a prize-winning team to be developed later. Basket ball soon came. Most of our games were one or two-point defeats—all virtually heartbreakers. George Hite was on that squad. The girls' team, however, experienced a very successful season. Lorene Allen, June '24, was one of the mainstays of the team. Lorene has won additional awards since then. Baseball, in '23, was merely another chapter in our Book of Victories. Although the baseball team of '23 had but few June '24 seniors, the team of '24 had several: namely, Maurice Rush, Peter Reilly, Henry Kornblum, Al Rabe, and Lowell Klingholz. Tech captured sectional track honors in 1923.

In tracing the history of our class, we would not have you forget the musical ability of our members. In the Opera club's production, "Pirates of Penzance," Ewell Newman, Bruce Savage, and Dorothea Smith had parts. The Girls' Glee club presented "Princess Chrysanthemum" in which many of the June seniors had parts. The opera "Martha", a Tech Choral Society production, dedicated our new outdoor theatre. A large number of our class were honored by having parts in that enterprise. Ewell Newman was captain of our 1922 prize-winning Music Memory Contest team.

We spent the last few weeks of our junior year in preparation for wearing the mantle of senior responsibility which would be waiting for us when we returned in September.

The last year of our life as a class at Tech has been a continual triumphal pageant. With our last year have come senior responsibilities and obligations. The three previous years of training had served to bring us to our senior maturity. In October we held our first class meeting. President Nicholas of the January '24 class gave us an eloquent address of welcome. Persons who had been nominated for class officers gave speeches. A short time after that meeting, we elected Thoburn Maxwell, president; Eugenia Harris, vice-president; Ruth Duvall, secretary; O. K. McKittrick, treasurer; and Maurice Rush, sergeant-at-arms. After the temporary excitement of election had abated, we concentrated our efforts on scholarship. The three June senior roll rooms inaugurated scholarship campaigns which have aided in placing this June class in an enviable position.

Under the tutelage of Coach Mueller Tech produced the best football team in the history of the school. Our team amassed a total of 265 points to our opponents' 47. The players who

formed the bulwark of this exceptional team were our own classmates: Maurice Rush (all-state fullback), Thoburn Maxwell, Henry Kornblum, Gilbert Moore, Albert Rabe, and Shirl Riffey. We went from a highly successful grid season to the basket-ball season. Our net squad annexed the city championship and were runners-up in the local sectional. Of our number, George Hite and Albert Rabe appeared. Our class was well represented in the track and baseball squad.

The literary and journalistic acumen of many of our classmates has placed them in very envied positions—members of the CANNON staff. Staff I: Naomi Adams, editor; Archie Mercey, associate editor; Laura Schultz, girls' athletics; Helen Brown, news. Staff II: Robert O'Neil, editor; Mary Voelcker, girls' athletics; Mary Latham, literature; Mary E. Glossbrenner, club news. Ruth Duvall was the magazine editor while Alice Phillips was magazine business manager. Rose Gordon and Mary Alice Free were assistant business manager and assistant circulation manager, respectively.

The musical ability of our classmates was demonstrated further in our last year. In September, the Tech Girls' Trio was formed. Selection was made on a competitive basis. All three of the members were June seniors—Eugenia Harris, Genevieve McNellis, and Rosemary Lawlor. Dorothea Smith gained signal honors in a joint-lead in the Opera club's production, "Chimes of Normandy". Several other June seniors had parts in the opera.

The Girls' Glee club presented the operetta, "The Magic Wheel," May twenty-eighth. Alice Arnold, Mabel Wendt, Eugenia Harris, Katherine Karch, Genevieve McNellis, Ona Boyd, and Elizabeth Engle, June seniors, played important roles. Near the close of the semester, "The Bohemian Girl," an opera, was presented by the Choral Society. Hugh Mason, Bruce Savage, and Wendall Hickman had prominent parts.

During the second semester we had another class meeting. Candidates for class day offices were introduced and gave impromptu speeches. President Maxwell admirably presented the class policy. In the election the following were chosen: prophets, George Hite and Alice Phillips; will-makers, Ralph Hood and Mary Latham; historian, Archie Mercey. Helen Brown was selected class poet, and Mabel Wendt, songwriter. Reports on mottoes, flowers, colors, pins, and photographers were made by various committees to the class. We chose "Conquering Now And Still To Conquer" for our motto; Columbia rose as our class flower; cerise and tan as class

colors; and Dexheimer as our official class photographer.

"The Romantic Age" was selected for our class play by the play committee. After a series of try-outs, a very suitable cast was chosen. Raymond Katzenberger and Genevieve McNellis held the leading roles. On the evening of April sixteenth, the play was presented at the Murat Theatre. All patrons pronounced our play as one of the most delightful and enjoyable productions ever given by a graduating class. Incidentally, "The Romantic Age" was a big financial success.

A novel feature of our class was the carnival-dance which was held, May twentieth. The dance was held in the Girls' gym and the carnival booths were in the corridors back of the gym. Decorations were in our class colors. The favors, canes decorated with class colors for the boys, and cerise and tan hats for the girls, added to the atmosphere of the occasion.

Tree Day was observed, April eighteenth. Walter Miller presided at the meeting. We presented scarlet oak, American elm, pine-oak, red oak, linden, sycamore, willow, ginko, ash, cut-leaf maple, sugar maple, and red bud trees.

The National Oratorical Contest on the Constitution created an unusual furor at Tech. The contest was held on a progressive elimination basis. The finals were held, March seventeenth. Of the six finalists, three were June seniors: Bruce Savage (alternate), Paulwirth Waldo, and Forrest Wiggins.

As the school year closes, we feel that we, as a class, have tried to do our part worthily in helping make Tech a bigger and better institution. We have successfully withstood the test that both Time and faculty have wrought. Our triumphs and defeats, our virtues and failures have welded us into an almost inseparable body. Like Caesar of old, we came, saw, and conquered. Though we may go in different directions, we shall ever cherish these four years as the basic and character building years of our lives.

Vive la Tech!

ARCHIE D. MERCEY

Trees Presented by Seniors

April eighteenth, at their Tree Day celebration, the June seniors presented the school with twelve trees, twelve representatives of the class explaining the ideals of Tech for which his tree stood. Thoburn Maxwell then presented the trees to Mr. Stuart who accepted them in the name of the school.

The speakers and their subjects were:

Red Oak—Usefulness	Jessie Lloyd
Pine Oak—Growth and Strength	Dorothy Duncan
Scarlet Oak—Cheerfulness	Walter Wagoner
Willow—Adaptability	Forrest Wiggins
Red Oak—Loyalty	Walter Miller
Sycamore—Reliability	Frances Peters
Linden—Hospitality, Modesty, Courtesy	Mary Purves
Sugar Maple—Durability	Howard Hammer



Ash—Helpful in Little Things	Florence Whittenburg
American Elm—Dignity, Scholarship	Minor Conn
Ginko—Culture	Helen Gorman
Cut-leaf Maple—Co-operation	Helen McCaffey

Senior Project a Success

Ever since the twenty-eighth of January, the June seniors of Tech have adorned their coat lapels with bits of tan and cerise ribbon. During the semester these colors have been the insignia which has designated those students as ones to whom the freshmen might turn in time of need. A large number of senior girls have been assigned as sponsors to freshmen; by this means many of the new students have received a good start at Tech under the guidance of "the big sisters."

Last Will and Testament

*Inscribed and dedicated with all due respect,
Our will of June '24.
Bequeath us our gifts both large and small
To be used by our Tech evermore.*

TO OUR dear Tech, we will all our best wishes for its greater future, our strong admiration of its worthy benefits, and lots of pep to help keep up the real Tech Spirit.

To Mr. Stuart, our splendid principal and friend, we leave a great appreciation for the opportunities he has opened for us and a great love and respect which have grown from our educational partnership.

To our sponsors, Miss Axtell, Miss Harter, and Miss Welch, we bequeath our heartiest thanks for their interested co-operation, three big roll rooms, and a variety of daily announcements to be safely preserved.

We give to the faculty many good wishes, a number of well kept, neatly engraved report cards, and the deepest feeling of gratitude for their kind interest in our class.

To our friends, the janitors.

So faithful and true,

We will our good will

And some waste baskets, new.

To our Tech library, we hand over a quantity of unused and much referred to geometry, English, Latin, etc., books and several tons of condensed whispers.

To our lunchroom we do assign

Our share of food and many places in line.

To our right honorable successors, of January 1925, we leave lots of penned-up knowledge, senior sociabilities, and fond hopes for a happy graduation.

Individually, we indict

Each precious and solemn bequest

For the members of the class '25

To help in their work for the best.

Toby Maxwell leaves his large wardrobe consisting of varieties of "Bell-bottoms," hats, and athletic outfits to the next gavel wielder at Tech.

Eugenia Harris, our most dignified and illustrious vice-president, leaves to our dear school all the charming little acts that make her a true Tech girl.

Ruth Duvall bequeaths to Melba Schumacher her love for gathering contributions and her secretarial duties.

O. K. McKittrick leaves his spontaneous blush and his gyrations while leading yells to John D. Christie.

Maurice Rush wills his farewell addresses on the lunch room chairs and tables and his phenomenal football fame to Edward Zollner.

Archie Mercey bequeaths his fondness for "bat wing" collars and his favorite pastime of looking at the billboards of all the shows in town to Lewis Neubacher.

Alice Phillips gives her A+'s and her ability to give marvelous introductions to Virginia Sibel, provided Virginia will be liberal with the gifts.

Mabel Wendt wills to Tech as a whole

The talent and glee of her musical soul.

Helen Brown wills her literary longings and her ambitious appetite to Alice Sidenstick. Both are very rare and expensive.

George Hite wills his faculty of making soul-stirring impromptu speeches and his nickname, "Gawge," to George Newton.

Ray Katzenberger would like to leave to Lester Livingston his blue cape with the red lining which he used in play rehearsals.

To all who in Rosemary Lawlor's path travel,
She leaves her much worn and wide-famed gavel.

Naomi Adams wills to Mary Roberts her *Wabash Blues* and a stray violin.

To Lois MacCammon, Alice Arnold bequeaths her pep, her thrills, and her loquacious optics.

Bob O'Neil wishes his standing collar along with its hand decoration by means of signatures to go to Ferris Ruggles.

John Haynes wills his position as chief entertainer for Miss Houser in the lunch room to Oram Dorsett.

Marie Martin hands over to Dorine Shadoan her host of shorthand notebooks and typewriting awards. May Dorine remember to place them on ice.

Elberta Witt leaves her charming southern smile and her essential little history note-book to anyone desiring a great deal of important data.

Rose Gordon sets down in pen that to Jean Lawrence she wills her gentlemanly ways and her formula for reviving basket-ball spirits.

Oscar Jose bestows his home in the sunny south and a good sample coat of tan upon the cold-blooded Earl Thorpe.

Charles Martin wills his place as the subject for much discussion among the fair sex to John Warrick.

Dorothy Hinchman wills her Anglo-Saxon curls and love of botany to Beatrice Patrick.

Robert Moore wills his trials and tribulations as a class play advertising manager to the next victim for that position.

Katherine Karch leaves her great financial psychology and her mammoth parasol from the *Princess Chrysanthemum* to any one who can adopt her cute little stage walk.

John McPheeters and Harold Hollingsworth leave their all-year-round "Spring Fever" to Frederick Howenstine and Robert Pock.

Kathryn McCann bequeaths her great love of "Mince Pie" and "Roast Beef Medium" to Marguerite Haste. The recipient must have a substantial Literary Digestion.

Dorothy Lovelace parts with her cultivated liking for galoshes and her traffic tribulations. She puts them on the feet and into the hands of Louise Love.

Fern Davis wills her coquettish gestures and her little rhyme on "How to get beautiful" to Hilda Johnston. These gifts, if unnecessary, are, at least, quite elegant in their scope.

Wilbur Peine wills his position as organization expert for advertising classes to Nemloh Baker.

Ewell Newman bequeaths to Herbert Schultzman his fondness for songs on edible subjects.

Roscoe Kirkman wills his collection of prize winning eggs to Merlin Shellabarger. Roscoe wishes Merlin to keep them in cold storage for future use in winning exhibitions at Tech.

Susan Delbrook hands on to Clara Mehrlich her Glee club glee and her Expressive expression. In other words—pep!

Neily Firestone bequeaths to Earl Thompson his "Old English Characteristics" and his quaint friendships.

To those who would be happy, healthy, and gay, Marian Davis gives her place at the Y. M. C. A.

Robert Harbison wills his uncanny faculty for remembering dates and his pronouncing "tongue twisters" in history to Harriet Burkett.

To Georgia Thomas, Amelia Foster wills her great roller-skating ability and her worlds of experience in dishing out food.

Josephine Foye nobly gives up her rich bass tones and her sentimental special selections to Dorothy Larrison.

Louise Snyder receives the key-note on "how to be adorably old-fashioned in a world of flappers" and a good business head from Mary Alice Free.

Orville Kinder wills his rare ability to learn poetry on the East Michigan car to Edna Garwood.

Lester Kassing wills his aptitude to get through one year of physics in three semesters to any January senior who is fast enough to stand the pace.

Susan Hiatt leaves her love for writing minutes and her system of having pictures "took" to a committeeman who has a lot of vim and vigor.

Thelma Hacker gives her beautiful home located either in Martinsville or Southport to Edith Hamilton, provided Edith continues to play good basket ball.

Thornton Graham bequeaths his serious mien when facing a history quiz to Victor Nunlist with hopes that Victor will not take it too hard.

Ray Sparks bestows his pugilistic ability and his ability to get up in the air (pole vaulting) to William Behrman.

To Dora Miller, Thelma Wortman leaves her numerous "uke" accompanied melodies and a great admiration for salmon cakes.

Phyllis Nordstrom sadly parts with the great fundamental course of her high school career—mathematics—and her operatic operations. She places them in the keeping of Eldena Stamm.

Vera Perkins solemnly bequeaths her knowledge of the "Potato Bug" to any campus scientist who can work up the proper atmosphere.

Carl Quieser believes Robert Williams could fill his position as cub catcher on the Indians very efficiently.

Leonard Schmutte, a lady's man, wishes to leave this admirable quality to Deac Garrison.

Sarah Elizabeth Matthews leaves her fully engaged weeks to Mary Eiler in order that she may fill up some more.

As a sprite gay—Miss Mildred May

Wills her popularity to Margaret M. Way.

Freda Michaels hands to her successor, Vera Fee, some fine grades and the manners of a good little bad boy.

Kurt Mahrdt wills his blowing manner to Wayne Van Sickle. Flute or cornet may be used in getting the desired effect.

Thomas Lippman wishes Paul Rollin to carry on the chemistry discussion in the lunch room, which Thomas did so much to establish.

Verele Lorentz bequeaths a nice collection of transfers and great interest in barometric pressure to Ruth Thoms.

Katie Shaw wills to Anna Marshall a broad understanding of history and lots of un-caught-up sleep.

Harry Hammond bequeaths to Howard Meredith his decisive and masterly manner of speaking, to be used in giving advice to straying organizations.

Mary Stevenson leaves her information gained by extensive research work in Physics II to Nolan Curry.

Dorothy Fromer and Louise Grove will their ability to make "pot hooks" at a dazzling speed to Myrtle Hayes and Jeannette Smith.

Lulu Burghardt gives to all her literary aspirants some Shakesperean study and a great love for the Tech library.

Elizabeth Clark leaves her Glee club patriotism and her steady attendance at Girl Reserve feasts to Alice Miller.

Thompson Abbot hands over to Clifford Gental his right honorable place in the Newsboys' Band and his athletic aspirations.

Genevieve Royse bequeaths some shorthand note books to pass out and all the trials and tribulations of transcription.

Elizabeth Prather wills her great enjoyment of the trip from "Rangoon to Mandalay" to Genevieve Lahman.

Lawrence O'Connell bequeaths his absence blank fame to Alvan Yule.

Hugh Mason leaves to the West Residence the musical memories of "Devil's-hoof."

Helen Cring wills her good times in English to any one who is fond of jokes.

Edward Grimes departs with his dignity and a very serviceable Boston bag. Both are tearfully handed over to Robert Powell.

Alice Hoover, Helen Coombs, and Nadine Baxter extend to all true Technicians a quantity of lunches, street car fares, and interest in school projects.

To any social lion at Tech, Oran Allen wills his facial contortions and his fame as a Spanish dancer.

Forrest Wiggins places his inspiring addresses in the oratorical channels of Tech education.

Isabel Broom leaves behind her memories of "Pretty Bobby Shaftoe" and one bandana handkerchief to Olga Secrest with instructions—Please do not combine.

Our strictly modern classmate, Neoma Mote, wills her practical view of romance and a deep pink, gold-bound diary to Christena Valentine.

Kathleen Aughe leaves to Dorothy Gibson her admiration for bright colors, such as red, and her cute little gestures.

Dorothea Smith wills to Don Higgins, her ne'er failing wit

And her operatic ability to make a great hit.

Minor Conn bequeaths his job as street car conductor in roll room to John La Vanchy.

John Kleinholz leaves his ability to write funny jingles on any subject, any time, and any place, to Billy Jackson.

Her dramatic ability and her bewitching laugh. Dolores Snyder leaves to Marilea Downs.

Beatrice Stafford bequeaths her well-balanced wardrobe and her intellectual pursuits to Margaret McAllister.

Pauline Campbell and Chester Bright give their motto, "Art for Art's sake," and lots of clever cartoons to those who appreciate the work of a brush.

Norman Brock, Charles Eiler, Charles Byfield, and Edward Gibbons will their places in Tech's freak orchestra to Harold Fields, Charles Ingersoll, Lester Barnes, and Charles Noe.

Roberta Carlisle bequeaths the *Highwayman* to Billy Blumer with heartiest wishes that he will wax poetical over it.

Julia Ann Hunt wills her good taste, good ideas, and good looking fur coat to Kathryn DeVaney, to be used in having a good time.

Constance Johnson to Marian Clendenin gives her color schemes and her love of winter sports.

Mary Voelcker wills her Old Maid club pin and her extensive participation in athletics to a campus co-ed who can meet the requirements.

Elmer Roberts leaves his masterpiece, *Why Men Should Not Marry*, to Walter Callahan.

John Shumar wills an autographed copy of his latest best seller, *How to Make Yourself Inconspicuous on Interurban Cars*, to Robert Burkett.

Mildred Tredway leaves her Choral Society thrills and her extreme feelings about dead languages to Lila Goodhue.

Ruth Wirth bequeaths her Nature Study knowledge and experience in meat buying to Wilbur Teeters.

Her gymnastic genius and her story entitled *Through a Ford Window*. Bernice Thrun hands over to Ruth Billups.

So that the campus will keep right in step

Jean Turner leaves her smile and her pep.

Bruce Savage bequeaths his place as a Tech orator to John Hanger. This includes fist shaking ability, all documents, and the quiet study in the attic of the East Residence.

Blanche Jolly, in the hope that the art of writing minutes may not be lost to Tech, leaves her skill in this line to Maxine Quinn.

Kenneth Cornwell leaves to Carl Brecht his ability to make favorable and varied impressions on the fair sex in the hope that Carl will advance the art.

Hazel Heinrich bequeaths to Mary Wilkinson some little chemistry hints and her great admiration for attending out-of-town games.

To all those who are fond of classics, Martha Minter leaves lots of Latin literature.

Walter Heierman leaves his position as proprietor of the Tech Traffic Cop Manufacturing Co. to Charles Hoover.

Ada Rubush bequeaths her dignified manner and her well prepared English lessons to Gladys Champlain.

Margaret Schaefer wills her seat on the late street car and her reams of information about bricks to Viola Tuttle.

LaVaughn Schulhoff and Elizabeth Ford will their steady habits and their quiet observations to Florence Schiek and Christena Yutemeyer.

Kenneth Rogers hands over to Delbert Hapman his stenography pencils and his curious liking for Cicero.

Avanell Fisher and Florence Whittenberg bequeath their well established views on campus affairs and a great many hours of conscientious study to Catherine Judge.

Orlena Lofton wills her military honors in the white cap brigade and an ardent love of history to Josephine Bruce.

Clarice English bequeaths all her English characteristics to the Techites who can adopt her sweet little smile.

Mary Vernia and Ruth Leggo will their obliging manners and their silent sympathy for roll room mishaps to Mary Noble and Ruth Murphy.

Meredith Schaffer and Gilbert Schiesz leave a great ability for manipulating adding machines and mammoth appetites for sandwiches to Abe Schwartz.

To the class bells, Walter Wagoner bequeaths the resonant tones of his ivory-trained fingers.

Shirl Riffey leaves to Robert Thompson his athletic appearance and a pair of unshined shoes.

Earl Gluesenkamp wills his scientific theories on all up-to-date subjects to Wallace McDaniel.

The finis is come to this testament.

Oh, ye of this great table round;

Into the hands of successors

We place our estates safe and sound.

The mournful task is completed,

Our seal we engrave with a sigh.

As a last and fitting memorial

We will a solemn "Good-bye".

Seal Signed MARY LATHAM
RALPH HOOD



"The Romantic Age"

By A. A. MILNE
Cast of Characters

Melisande
Mrs. Knowles
Jane
Phyllis
Mr. Knowles
Bobby Coote

Genevieve McNellis
Helen Schmitz
Neoma Mote
Clara Foxworthy
Elmer Roberts
O. K. McKittrick

Alice
Gervaise Mallory
Ern
Zag
Centleman Susan

Dolores Snyder
Raymond Katzenberger
Ernest Herider
Louise Brodeur
Bruce Savage

Prophecy

*O, ye knights and ladies gay,
A boon, a boon I thee implore,
The misty veil to cast away
And to reveal the future's lore.
So come with me, courtiers,
Behold the things that are to be;
Behold the train of future years
Disclosed within my prophecy.*

THOBURN MAXWELL, Congressman from the sixth district, writes that among those who came to the capitol in behalf of the bill proposed by Emerson McGinnis were Thelma May, president of the Women Voters' Society of Indianapolis; Meeroline Hill, secretary of the State Board of Education; and Wilmoth Flowers, of the Indianapolis Star Publishing Company.

O. K. McKittrick, many years a resident of this city, has startled his friends by becoming the editor of the *Country Gentleman*.

Maurice Rush, Robert Lowry, and Edward Smith were members of the American Olympic team of 1956.

Mary Latham, asserting her originality, has recently been appointed a commissioner on the U. S. Shipping Board. Since Miss Latham has been on the board, twelve ships have been named. The names, such as "All-Ball" and "At-Bat," show that Mary's poetic powers are still alive and going.

Ralph Hood, U. S. Senator, in rewarding his political helpers, has recommended that the president appoint George Collyer, Robert Becker, and Robert Phillips to his cabinet.

Mabel Wendt, Jessie Lloyd, and Elizabeth Engle were real hits on Broadway in *What Do You Think Of Us*.

Helen Brown is employed as social editor of the *Bumpkins Tells News* of Bumpkinsville, New Mexico. Miss Brown recently attended the brilliant social function of the season, a chicken dinner at the home of Mr. Norman Richards. All the prominent social personages of the country attended. They were: Madame Louise Brodeur, the noted coloratura soprano; Sir Maurice Butler, the social lion of the season; Eleanor Gibson, the lioness; Lady Julia Griffith, from the Rocky Islands, N. Y.; and Lucile Kress, the famous sculpturess.

Clara Foxworthy and Gilbert Moore have opened a correspondence school. Some of those who are taking courses by mail are: Harold Hollingsworth, a Detroit printer; Dorothy Ditruck, a stenographer in Bloomington; and Gracia Hodges, a telephone operator at Kirklin.

Jerome Manchester and Harry McCalla are traveling salesmen for the Robert Hanscom Radio Company.

Gertrude Carr is the dean of girls at Purdue. Nellie Woolgar and Lois Messick are among those attending the National Authors' Convention at Cleveland.

Tessie Mathews, the world's highest paid actress, has opened a school for actresses in Atlantic City.

Lois Cluster and Cathryn Kuemmich are operating a gown shop on Central Avenue.

Hollis Humes is now one of the truant officers at Tech. It is rather hard for Hollis to do his duty, for he has not yet forgotten his school days at Tech.

Irma Long is a nurse at the Methodist Hospital. Her nerve has increased greatly during the last few years, and she is not the timid Irma that attended Tech, years ago.

Maud Hughes has just completed her latest book, *Peaceful Mexico*. Maud has spent the last eight years in Mexico at the home of her friend, the former Miss Katherine Griffin, now the wife of the American consul to Mexico.

Genevieve McNellis is Indiana's first congresswoman. She has chosen as her secretary, Helen Keisel.

Frances Peters and Helen Howard have opened a girls' preparatory school in Michigan.

Peter Reilly has become one of Ring Lardner's closest competitors as a writer.

Georgiana Nuerge and Martha Olsen are members of the Women's Reform League. Some of the bad practices they are endeavoring to stop are: playing marbles for "keeps"; matching pennies; chewing gum; and the loafing of little boys on street corners.

Elmer Roberts, the noted scientist, has let a contract for his new observatory on Weed Patch Hill (located in Brown County) to the Dan Barret and Alfred Maffett Construction Company.

Charles Chevrolet has invented a cycle car which he expects to make a fair showing in the next five-hundred-mile classic.

Ernest Herider's latest play, *From Way Down in the Country*, is breaking all records on Broadway. In the cast are: Mildred Dodds, Hazel Heinrich, Lucille Young, and Harold Crays.

John Kleinhenz reports that he is doing a good business in his foundry, but that he has been threatened by the labor leaders, Walter Miller and Harold Stewart, because he hired non-union men.

Alton Darner and Kenneth Deere were attacked mysteriously, last week. Detectives Robert Du Bois and Charles Eiler of the Lester and Byce Ford Detective Agency are working on the case.

Ernest Love is trying to find a "pony" that will carry a student through Cæsar and Cicero and not leave him at the "post" when a test is given. Ernest thinks that he will make a fortune if he succeeds.

Frieda Frohne and Esther Gebauer are in Italy, studying art.

Harold Heger, national croquet champion, successfully defended his title, last week, when he defeated Ralph Nichols and Lyman Eaton.

Gareth Hitchcock, new proprietor of the "Pastime Riding Academy," says that he likes his work. Alice McCarthy, Helen Moorman, Louise Johnston, Helen Wiebke, and Katherine Kares are some of his regular pupils.

Robert Shideler and Bruce Savage are touring the country, giving lectures on the "Back to the Farm Movement."

Charles Forsyth won the tiddledy-winks championship of the United States at the Indoor Sports club, last week.

Martha Armitage, Alice Cain, and Marguerite Coneway were important factors in the last Teachers' Convention.

Victor Brink, Howard Hammer, and Wendell Hickman have opened a large bond house in Baltimore.

Robert Finney and Niven Stall, as Mutt and Jeff, are making a great hit on Keith's circuit.

General Gerald Martz and his "Fighting Devils," composed of Roy Michael, John Hayes, Edwin Shepperd, Kennard Perkins, and George Schwab, won great distinction as soldiers in the last expedition against Mexico. Martz and Michael have been awarded the congressional medals.

Edward Councelman, after his decisive victory over Strangler Lewis, has declared that he will take on all challengers for the heavyweight wrestling title.

Ona Boyd has taken the position with the *Indianapolis Star*, left open by the resignation of Mary Bostwick.

Elbert Newhouse and Donald King have opened barber shops in Southport.

Genevieve Gill plays the victrola over the radio. Her performances are so charming that she has been offered a position with the Chicago Opera Company.

Henry Kornblum is now head janitor at Woolworth's. He is supplied with brooms by the Lee and Lee Broom Company, of Gaston, owned by Burford and Reid Lee.

Albert Rabe is the only holdout on the Chicago Americans. It is known that he wants more money.

Voss Mueller has become a reformer. He is at present reforming the Eskimos in Alaska. He is accompanied by a very capable lady, Mildred Owsley. They are now teaching the natives the Darwinian theory.

Paul Porter is a veteran of the recent Baseballers' Baseball League, and, as he is somewhat disabled, he has taken up football as his profession.

Helen Schmitz, after many years of suffering from lumbago, has written that she has finally been cured by Dr. Otto Richter.

Keith Smith is Brigadier-General of the King's troops at Saturday Islands. General Smith has been severely wounded, and, at present, is in the hospital with a serious case of burnt eyebrows. Martha Brunnemer is the most efficient nurse.

Mary Tall and Essie White are demonstrating electric brooms, radio candles, and telegraphic pumps at the Hipper-Hopper Shoppe, owned by Mademoiselle Kathryn Emrich.

Selma Vincent is a professional dyer. She dyes by the inches, feet, or yards in any of the popular shades.

The Agrarian Law of 1956 has just passed the Senate. Its passage is largely due to the efforts of the noted senator, Robert Avels.

Dr. Richard Benedict is professor of bird technicology at the Owl's Eye College. Beatrice Berry is one of his most apt pupils. Miss Berry was willed a million dollars a year by a rich relative upon the stipulation that she receive it only while attending school. Beatrice has attended college for thirty-two years.

Madison Ranes and Leola Smock own the famous dog-raising establishment, Danger. Their animals are noted for having the longest tongues and greenest eyes of any creatures in the world.

Dorothy Waggoner is now a molar extractor. However, as Miss Waggoner was never much on strenuous labor, persons desiring to have all their teeth pulled are sent to Elizabeth Trotter, Dorothy's energetic partner. Beulah Teeters has just undergone this fearful ordeal.

Eber Bateman, after loafing about Indianapolis for many years, is now a traveling pencil sharpener.

Elberta Witt has the leading role in Helen Winterhoff's new tragi-comedy, now playing at the Blackerby, Daniel Selko's million dollar theatre. Miss Witt has been very favorably thought of by the leading dramatic critic of America, Laura Schultz, and probably will tour the country with her production.

Paulwirth Waldo and Robert Simpson own a filling station and beauty parlor combined. They have recently been arraigned before Judge Opal Umsted for profiteering.

Caroline Bertrand is an agent for the Hot Blast Coal Oil Burner Company. The burner is the most recent invention in years.

We are pleased to state that Doris Fralick is counted as the world's greatest cartoonist. Her cartoons are published chiefly in the *Green Gazette* and the *Peach Blossom*, two newspapers, the editors of which are, respectively, Maurice Garner and Spencer Groves.

Alice Jones owns the U-Won't-Eat-More cafeteria on Gimme Avenue. The waitresses employed are Pearl Junken and Pearl Katterjohn. Catherine Hedrick and Edith Hindman are the cooks.

Barbara Light has invented the "Light Lite," which doesn't light. Because of its uniqueness and originality, it is selling by the thousands.

Frederick Martin and Flossie Minor are now the photographers for the June '56 class at Tech. It is said that the work of these photographers is quite remarkable.

Lorene Allen is manufacturing mustard plasters in Ouilage, South Sea Islands. The natives are finding these useful articles very painful as well as amusing.

Jane Adams sells typewriters to all the large firms. She represents the Keyless Typewriting Company, owned by Carol Call. At present, she has sold two hundred to the men at the city jail. She is traveling over the country to visit similar business establishments.

Edith Addison is working in Madame Nettie Bovard's millinery shop. Miss Addison works out very original designs and, at present, her hats are showing a very exclusive touch in that they are trimmed in wrought iron.

Lucile Ball is a professional snow shoveler. Miss Ball charges ten cents per foot in the winter and fifty cents in the summer. She says that the high price in the summer is caused by the heat which is so very stifling that she finds it hard to work.

Mary Elizabeth Glossbrenner is an umbrella mender. However, her shop is very exclusive, and only expensive umbrellas are treated.

Mildred Pease is a model for Mademoiselle Helen Power's Fashion Show, given lately. Miss Pease is considered an indispensable asset to the show.

Beatrice Goodpasture is a floor walker at the White Beauty Shop, the proprietor of which is Helen Gorman. Beatrice walks the floor and is used as a magnet for all prospective customers.

Dorothy Marsh is supervising the building of the Atlantic canal across the Atlantic, connecting the United States with Europe. The task is quite difficult, but Miss Marsh is showing her ability by doing the work successfully.

Lela Duncan is now a druggist. She has led rather a monotonous life, having poisoned but five persons by wrong compounds while a practicing pharmacy student.

Marian Fiscus and Holland Fitch are now traveling in the Canary Islands. They telegraph that, because of their limited time, they can spend but three years touring these extensive lands.

Esther Forkner is the president of The Forkner Seminary for Cats. All cats having reached the age of eighteen are considered as meeting the requirements of this institute. Catty persons are also invited to attend.

Elizabeth Coleman has been town marshal of Pueblomite, Arizona, for many years, but, because the infirmities of age are now setting in, she has turned her position over to her more stalwart deputy, Mildred Denny.

Lucille Conway owns one of the most expensive greenhouses in the world. Miss Conway is now breeding a new bluebell which she intends to dedicate to her dear friend, Lucille Cooper.

Dorothy Cunningham has been awarded the Pulitzer prize in recognition of her superb painting, called *Covered With Snow*. Everything is entirely white, and if one does not have the artistic sense, he might think it a blank piece of canvas.

Lottie Davis is a lecturer on "If You Have Money—Don't Lend It." One may purchase handsome, leather-bound copies of Miss Davis' lectures at the Agnes Fischer Book Store, on the corner of Washington and Market streets.

Gertrude Reed manufactures home-made candy, and is finding that she will need a large factory to supply the demand for her delicious concoctions.

Mildred Riser and Mildred Wiles have decided to be social butterflies, and are attending all the important social functions in the important cities.

Howard Rogers does odd jobs for anyone. He is considered the handy man about town, and his work varies from going on errands for busy housewives to substituting for gentlemen at formal social affairs.

Helen Root and Mary Louise Schwier have become club women. They are members of all the clubs of America worth speaking of, and are considering joining some of the Indian clubs, which are very attractive and striking.

Mildred Robinson is head of the school board of Indiana. Miss Robinson has abolished all the old-fashioned text books and so forth, and has installed radios in all the class rooms of the schools. This cuts down expenses and gives the students more freedom.

Elsie Ruark and Bernice Weers are plumbers. Because they can plumb any sort of an instrument, they are considered quite efficient.

Helen Smith and Dorothea Schofield are the official shock absorbers for the Holey Machine Company. Misses Smith and Schofield are said to be less expensive than mechanical absorbers when demonstrating the qualities of this car to prospective buyers. They are none the worse for the wear and tear.

Helen Tomlinson, after years spent in research, is completing the biography of Rea Williams, who was a great socialist worker. The book is considered one of the most learned pieces of literature on the market, and shows well the instinctive historic powers of Miss Tomlinson.

For this fair class of ours good fortune and fame are forscen—the rewards of learning and culture that come from the dear White and Green.

GEORGE HITE
ALICE PHILLIPS

The Conqueror

"Conquering now, and still to conquer"

Obstacles that block our way.

To prepare for future battles

We must win the ones today.

May our eyes turn ever upward

To the heights of our desire.

May we never turn them backward.

Never quench the inner fire.

May we ever fight our battles

With the zest we do today.

May each year come round to find us

Farther on the winning way.

Every battle lost, if gamely,

Is in truth a battle won;

May we say, "We've done our noblest,"

At each setting of the sun.

May we, through Life, stand steadfastly,

Battle on, though bruised and sore,

Ever strive to live the motto

Of our class, June '24.

CATHERINE HEDRICH

Good-bye

The warm summer time is coming,

The sweetest time of the year,

But this time a heartache comes with it

That's followed up with a tear;

'Cause when this season comes stealing

Into the calendar—sly.

To our beautiful old Alma Mater

We must needs bid a final good-bye.

Four years we've toiled for her honor,

Four years we've shared in her fun,

But now the good days are over.

And they say that real life has begun.

Somehow, I can't bear to think it,

I just have to choke up and cry

When I look o'er this darling old campus

And try to bid it good-bye.

Sometimes I've complained of her duties,

Sometimes I've grown weary and blue,

But when a treasure is all lost,

You can see what it means to you.

I've shared in all its real spirit,

And now that school days are o'er,

I'll dream of my dear old Tech High

Today and forever more.

MARY LATHAM

Senior Play Committees

Business Manager—Archie Mercey.

Assistants—Charles Byfield, Minor Conn, Voss Mueller.

Play Committee—Alice Phillips (chairman), Roberta Carlyle, Ona Boyd, Robert O'Neil, Lester Kassing.

Advertising Committee—Robert Moore (chairman), Bob Finney, Naomi Adams, Ralph Hood, Mary E. Glossbrenner, Edward Gibbons, Eugenia Harris.

Property Committee — Wendell Hickman (chairman), Helen Brown, Earl Hinds, Isabel Broom, Dorothy Waggoner.

Costume Committee — Dorothy Lovelace (chairman), Kathryn Emrich, Keith Smith.

Class of June '24

CLASS COLORS: Cerise and tan.

CLASS MOTTO: Conquering now, and still to conquer.

CLASS FLOWER: Columbia rose.

CLASS GIFT: Bronze plate for front of the Arsenal.

JUNE '24 CLASS SONG

MUSIC AND WORDS BY...

MABEL WENDT

with marked emphasis

Techni-cal, Tech-ni-cal now we are leav-ing, pass-ing from out your gates

Youth time and hap-py time here we have spent Kind to us all were the Fates.

Here you have led us and light-ed the way and shown us the path to our goal

giv-en us in-spir-a-tion, and set our i-deals for the soul

Refrain:-

with expression

Fare-well dear Tech-ni-cal good-bye to you, All through our lives we'll be think-ing of you Here we have

hap-pi-ly gone on each day, dread-ing to think of the time when we'd say "Good-bye dear Tech to

you" for you've given us all of our hap-pi-est days, and ev-er-ry hon-or we'll bring in your

praise, and now comes the task that is hard-est to do, dear Tech to say fare-well to you!"

Drawn by Allon Darnen

THE CANNON STAFF

Magazine Editor Ruth Duvall
Magazine Business Manager Alice Phillips

STAFF I

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Editor-in-Chief Naomi Adams
Associate Editor Archie Mercey
Athletics Editor Ted Nicholas
Assistant Athletics Robert Pitts
Girls' Athletics Laura Schultz
Literature Karl Bottke
Clubs Eldena Stamm
School News Helen Brown
Features Harry Stout
Faculty Editor Sue-Anna Engle
Alumni Dorothy Dugdale
Exchange Jean Campbell

Reporters..... {Edward Taggart
 {Robert Ryker
 {Eleanore Dunlap

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Athletics Editor Ted Nicholas
Assistant Athletics Leland Burford
Girls' Athletics Mary Voelker
Literature Mary Latham
Clubs Mary E. Glossbrenner
School News Wilma Lewellyn
Features Harry Stout
Faculty Editor Sue-Anna Engle
Alumni Louise E. Ross
Exchange Oris Nuerge

Reporters..... {Elizabeth Moschenross
 {Marion Seeds
 {James Van Buskirk



RUTH DUVAL

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Business Manager James Daggett
Assistant Business Manager Rose Gordon
Circulation Manager George Gisler
Assistant Circulation Manager Mary Alice Free
Typist Mary Goodwin

ADVISERS

Sponsor Miss Ella Sengenberger
Business Mr. Edward E. Greene
Art Mr. Fredrick Polley
Printing Mr. J. Woodard Auble



ALICE PHILLIPS

Hitch Your Wagon to a Star

"Hitch your wagon to a star"—Emerson.

People who try to model their lives according to higher ideals have often times attributed their success to Emerson's words which counsel one to seek constantly after more lofty visions. How can one ever attain great heights if he does not aim for higher ones? A man ever stays on the same plane if he does not try to pattern his ideals after those that are superior to his present ones. In fact, man cannot stand still in success, life, or idealistic vision. He must advance or retreat. A man who attempts to climb a mountain does not stand in one spot for any great length of time,—he either goes forward or backward. So it is with a man's life; he is continually progressing in years and experience. Either his

ideals are being raised higher, or they are being lowered.

In education one must always look upward if he wishes to proceed instead of recede along the pathways of learning. It is said that one learns something new each day. However, one also forgets; and he either forgets more than he learns or learns more than he forgets. In the one, his education is deteriorating; in the other, his learning is increasing.

At commencement time a crisis occurs in the lives of the seniors. Each one must decide whether he is going to be a mere workman in the ways of life, or an executive, worthy of holding the most responsible position. Seniors! "Hitch your wagon to a star!"

RUTH DUVAL AND ALICE PHILLIPS



Cannon Staff One



Miss Seegenburger



Mr. Greene



Mr. Bulley



Mr. Auble



Naama Adams
- Editor in Chief -

Advisers



George Orsler
Circulation Mgr.



Mary Alice Fied
Asst. Circulation Mgr.



James Daggell
Business Manager



Rose Gordon
Asst. Business Mgr.



Margaret Mary
Secretary



Ted Nicholas
Athletic Editor

Business Staff



Cannon Staff Two

Robert O'Neil
Editor in Chief



The Emerald of the Desert

Upper Classman Prize Story

ORLANDO LIZTON and his companion, John Burke of college days at Amherst, were assigned to fly the big army biplane down from Constantinople across the Mediterranean to Cairo. The trip was planned by the aviation service department of Burke and Company of London and Paris, principally to determine the cruising range of their new army biplane, twelve of which were to be built under contract for the British government if certain requirements were successfully met in the trial flights into Egypt. At Cairo the plane was stored with provisions for the flight over the river flats flanking the Nile down to the Great Dam at the first cataract. Here the route turned to the west out into the great desert country where only an occasional oasis broke the monotony of sand and mirage.

The goal of the journey lay well out into the desert. Here palm trees grew luxuriantly and gave freely of their luscious fruit, while springs of bubbling water, clear as crystal, quenched the thirst of weary travelers. Stores of gasoline had come by caravan a fortnight before the scheduled arrival of the Burke plane, and were safely stored in metal containers beneath the shading palms.

A caravan enroute to Cairo had put in at the oasis on the evening previous to the arrival of Lizton and Burke. A native guard in charge of supplies for the plane had informed Sheik Elbador, owner of the caravan, of the expected arrival of the big army plane; the Egyptians watched its approach in the distance with eager anticipation and much wonderment as to its design and purpose.

After Lizton and Burke had safely moored their plane in the grassy clearing fringing the eastern edge of the oasis, they quenched their thirst at the flowing spring and set about to inspect their stores and to prepare for the approaching night.

At the close of the evening meal shared by the men of the caravan, a queer greenish light rose to the south of the setting sun. Those mirific effects at sundown are frequent and cause no concern to those hardened men of the desert, whose faces are bronzed by the radiations from the hot sands. But to Lizton and Burke the light to the southwest was most fascinating, and their intense interest commanded Elbador's attention. Much to his surprise this light was different. It was not the usual misty green edging the horizon,

but it came clear and strong from one lone spot and appeared to be projecting from an aperture in some ancient structure of bygone days.

After sundown, when the shadows had disappeared, and the moonlight filtered down between tall palms, and stars shone brightly in the clear air of the desert, Elbador dispatched four camels toward the origin of the green light. Lizton, who had the responsibility of the big plane and its stores, declined to leave the oasis but consented to Burke's joining the party. It may be found much to one's discomfort that distances across vast stretches of land as well as over water are deceiving, and it was well into the night before the party had reached that part of the desert to the southwest of the big oasis where King Rut Rank Anoo once lived in splendor and glory and ruled his tribe of four thousand.

The subterranean water supply had failed centuries before, and no vestige remained to indicate that vegetation had ever covered the surface of this portion of the earth. Only the ruins of massive stone structures, enclosed in a stone wall of stately proportions, remained as mute evidence of the activity of King Anoo and his subjects. The crown of the wall was badly disintegrated, but the foundation was sufficiently intact to prevent easy entrance, and the scouting party bore off to the south in search of an entrance into the hidden interior. Numerous apertures in the ancient wall emitted rays of green light which had shone constantly into the eyes of the inquisitive investigators in their constant march since shortly after nightfall toward the ancient shrine. Along the south wall a well-framed opening once closed by gates of brass and iron gave access to the interior. Here the party entered and proceeded cautiously amid crumbled walls and broken masonry toward the center of the mysterious city.

Outlined against the silvery light of the moon stood an ancient assemblage of stone which had defied the ravages of time. From a small window in the apex of the tower came the greenish light which had mystified the caravan and the British aviators. At times the light was not visible but, when approached from the direction of the oasis from which the party had journeyed, it grew brilliant in radiance, charming in shade, and irresistible in its fascinating appeal.

Burke's agility caused him to be the first to enter the portals of the ancient temple of King

Rut Rank Anoo. Superstitions so prevalent in the Orient had no place in the sturdy physique of this young Englishman, and, while his bronze companions of the desert stood trembling, spell-bound with fear, Burke pressed onward into the darkness of the temple, clutching the automatic holster at his side, which action typified his intensive training in military tactics more than conscious fear of impending danger.

By the light of the moon Burke approached the remains of an ancient stairway leading up into the tower from which emanated the bewitching light of emerald green. A hearty shout from Burke brought his companions of the scouting party instantly to their feet and, upon his eager solicitation, one by one, they conquered their oriental fears, ascended the stone steps, and stood at the side of Burke on the stone floor of the ancient upper chamber in King Anoo's desert castle. Here custom had caused the cohorts of the King to place in military array his helmet, his sword, and other weapons of offense and defense. There against the west wall of the tower stood his shield of gold with its lining of pure emerald facing the east, and reflecting to the desert toward the oasis, the brilliant rays of light from the biplane's powerful searchlight which Lizton had forgotten to extinguish.

LYNN BREECE

Seniors

That magic word brings to our eyes
 School years of joy and sorrow too.
 Mental pictures before us rise
 Of years our Seniors have now passed
 through.
 When they chose Tech their school to be,
 They realized the Spirit shown
 Was far above all others, you see,
 And with the school that Spirit has grown.
 Each class that comes, each class that goes
 Adds extra praise to our fine school;
 To be a Senior, everyone knows
 Is to be a factor, a helpful tool
 In aiding Tech to raise the flag
 Of national honor—security—
 Along with their own Green and White
 Which stands for youth and purity.
 Tech is sorry that she must lose you,
 Reluctantly we see you leave,
 But though the trials of life pursue you,
 Worldly sorrows you must relieve.
 Of the future—you are unaware;
 Your outlook is a strong defense;
 Your spirits untouched by worry and care;
 May they always be so, from this day hence!

Ain't You Proud of Tech High?

WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM HERSHELL

Ain't you proud of Tech High,
 Ain't you though?
 When you look at all her beauties,
 Ain't you though?
 Her buildings large and many.
 Her campus broad and fine.
 Don't it send your heart a thumpin'
 When you say, "This school is mine"?
 Don't you love its every class room
 And the seats all in a row.
 Ain't you proud of Tech High.
 Ain't you though?

Ain't you proud of Tech High.
 Ain't you though?
 Her fine scholastic standing.
 Ain't you though?
 Her A's and pluses many.
 Her students winning fame.
 The honors heaped upon her.
 The praise that decks her name.
 The fruits of her great merits
 You find where'er you go.
 Ain't you proud of Tech High,
 Ain't you though?

Ain't you proud of Tech High.
 Ain't you though?
 With all her dandy athletes,
 Ain't you though?
 When a team steps out with vigor
 And the bleachers rock with pep;
 When the band, it just inspires you
 To get right into step;
 When that Green and White Tech banner
 Keeps waving to and fro.
 Ain't you proud of Tech High.
 Ain't you though?

Ain't you proud of Tech High,
 Ain't you though?
 Her pep and vim and vigor.
 Ain't you though?
 Her faculty so lively.
 Her clubs of finest kinds.
 The boosting and the working
 Of her students' hands and minds;
 A school we all love dearly
 And we want the world to know
 We're surely proud of Tech High;
 Ain't we though?

How ready we are to smile at the mistakes of others, but how soon we regret their smiling at us.

The Sin of Ali

Lower Classman Prize Story

IN HIS mystic underground cavern sat Ali Amnephio. Before him, in a circle formed of serpents, lay a lotus on a linen cloth. Behind him, ranged in groups, writhed spirits of the departed past awaiting, like genii, to answer his beck and call. On each side of him incense burned and smoked, sending out its sickening odor.

Ali's whole attention was devoted to the alabaster lotus before him. He was testing a long forgotten theory of Cleopatra.

Gradually the orchid turned to blue, then to green, and, finally, to black. Slowly the flower collapsed and dissolved until nothing was left but the linen cloth which, strange to say, was not in the least discolored. Ali Amnephio massaged his body with the cloth, muttering softly to himself, "Blacker than black is semi-invisible." Gradually he assumed the thin invisibility of one of the spirits which writhed behind him.

Ali was old and wrinkled; he possessed all of the mystical knowledge of the Nile; he was of a very jealous disposition. Another and younger man was wooing his loved one, and his whole soul cried out for revenge—hence, this strange and mystic rite in his underground cavern. In the form of a spirit, no mortal thing could harm him, and there was no telling the dangers that might beset his way.

It was midnight; the frenzied wind blew the scurrying clouds across the face of the moon, causing grotesque shadows to dart hither and yon through the weird Egyptian village. But wait! What was that fleeting form that darted between the houses? It was Ali, in spirit form, bound for the abode of his rival. He was seeking revenge. He entered a native hut and ascended to the sleeping chamber. Quietly, and without awakening the sleeper, he placed a luminous jar on the floor, at the same time crooning a low, fantastic chant. Presently, from the vase came five asps, the small, poisonous instruments of that mightiest of queens, Cleopatra.

Slowly, inch by inch, they approached the sleeper; five pairs of deadly fangs sank into the unconscious Egyptian. Five asps returned as silently as they had gone and re-entered the jar. The dim ghost-figure of Ali Amnephio again dodged in and out among the crude mud huts of the natives.

Back to his cavern went Ali, back to his mystic work. Before the sun arose, he must resume his

human form. Again, with a lotus before him, he sat chanting. The spirits behind him still writhed; but was there something of mockery in their actions?

Ali stopped impatiently, and then a great fear seized him. The charm was not working! When the sun arose, he must die; for such was the law of the charm that had failed. Oh, the awful anguish of those hours! He had tampered with the magic of the gods and had failed; now he must pay.

As the east changed from grey to rose with the coming of the sun, the spirit of Ali faded slowly away and vanished into the cool morning air. Ali was dead.

Thus ends the tale of Ali Amnephio, the man who meddled with the sacred rites of the gods and paid the penalty. CARVER MCARTHY

Egypt—The Interminable

The sun casts fiery rays upon the earth;
Its breath not only marks a new day's birth,
But even from some palm trees gathers strength
To breathe more fiercely through the new day's length.

An Arab and his camel slowly plod
The swelt'ring sands that sting sore hoofs, unshod;

The desert air pervades him like a knife
That burns into the core of human life.
The Nile in all its ancient splendor flows
Nearby, indifferent to who comes or goes;
Ah, to have witnessed but a part. I sigh.
To stay unchangeable while Time flies by.
For rivers have soft babbling tongues, I know,
And often have I heard them murmur low
Of bygone centuries when they were young,
Of times when first the sun and moon were hung.
The distant scenes before my dazzled sight
Are ones of rare, artistic, glowing light;
The pyramids show black against the sky
Where pale blue, hazy clouds go floating by.
The tombs of kings of noble blood and race,
Therein, lend to the picture, weight and grace;
And, to the right, the Sphinx so taciturn,
From whom wisdom and knowledge one might learn.

And when the sun goes down at eve to rest
And sinks beneath the desert's age-old wastes,
Tomorrow finds it up again at dawn—
So likewise in Eternity and on! K. B.

A Studious Shock

Up in a corner of the third floor of the Main building, a committee meeting was being held. A plot was being formed; a conspiracy was under way. As a result a class assembled early. Hushed whispers came from the committee-men. Groans and ejaculations greeted the report, but it was finally accepted. The first step was taken. The teacher came into the room and lessons began. An undercurrent of excitement surged here and there, but an outward calm prevailed. The bell rang and the students were dismissed. Another hasty mass meeting ensued and a solemn vow was taken. The teacher sat blissfully unconscious of the working of the student body she had just taught. The meeting adjourned.

When the next day dawned, the sunrise was a little brighter, the sky a little bluer, the air a bit more balmy, nature a wee bit lovelier. The clock ticked on and the first period arrived. The class members walked briskly into the room. Each, though pale and worn, was bright-eyed and eager. Queer nods of the head from one to another! The last bell rang and the teacher entered. She greeted the class casually; assigned some reference work. A terrible tension among the pupils! The committee looked frightened but hopeful.

The first question of the day's assignment was stated and a tall boy was called upon. He paled, he trembled, he was determined. Deep ringing sentences came forth. He sat down and the teacher proceeded. Harder, more intricate questions shot forth. Tremulous but staunch, one by one, the class members rose and sat down. Then came the fact test. It was calmly taken and papers were exchanged. Meanwhile, the teacher had been growing weaker and weaker, her eyes opening wider at each response to her questions.

She called for the grades, took up her pen to engrave hieroglyphics in her record book. Name after name she called; then stared in vacant surprise. The crisis had come! She sank back and and wept with pure joy, she stood up and shouted with glee, she sent out messages to the office; the class went wild with enthusiasm. School was dismissed! The reason? Every person in the history class had had his lesson.

Here's to the Freshmen,
 Tho' green they be,
 They'll soon grow up,
 As you shall see,—
 Tech's future citizens,—
 Worthy—, from A to Z.

To an Aztec Ruin

O, thou ancient Indian ruin,
 O, thou grim and dismal place,
 Thou were once the habitation
 Of a savage, red-skinned race.
 Once, around thy stone pueblos
 Little children ran and played,
 Once, amidst the darkening twilight
 The youthful warrior wooed his maid.
 Now the houses are unpeopled,
 And the desert air is still,
 Broken only by the lone wolf
 As he howls on yonder hill.
 As I sit in meditation,
 Thoughts of thy rude life anew
 Come to me, until the darkness
 Hides thy stone walls from my view.

BERWYN SPOFFORD

Thoughts While Strolling

Sunshine; and dust kicked up by 4,500 pairs of feet. Dark green grass and deep shade trees. I don't want to forget the least detail. Rather impossible that I should,—all looks just as it has for four Junes. Did I say four? Seems only yesterday we were pig-tailed, knee-panted freshies. Wonder if four years from now I'll be fighting to suppress the waterworks over some other group of buildings and stretch of lawn. Well, change is the only thing that counts: new faces, new times, new places. But—that's my last class bell! Ooo, where's my handkerchief?

Masculines

Tho' vanity is oft ascribed to girls,
 Yet boys are seen to plaster back their curls;
 They stand and comb and comb before the
 glass
 For half an hour before they go to class.
 And Mother dear, poor thing, has quite a time
 To get that tie to stay in just that line,
 For if it does not suit his royal taste,
 She knows her time so spent will be but waste.
 His sister looks for powder box in vain
 And finds that on his dresser it has lain.
 Her rouge box, perfume, nothing can she save.
 It makes no difference how she tears and raves.
 The handkerchief he wears when stepping out
 (His best girl's lovely Christmas present, no
 doubt).
 Flutters and flies in every playful breeze.
 Himself in every passing glass he sees
 And thinks, "Well, yes—I do look pretty well."
 But, oh,—oh my, if girls would only tell!

Answering Letters

Answering letters is the most tiresome and unpleasant, yet necessary, task that was ever created. It is like riding a merry-go-round. Time and money are spent with no results except a dizzy head.

For me and (as I am only human) for almost everyone else, the writing of a letter is something like this. After selecting the proper stationery, changing a pencil for an unwelcome pen, and getting situated at a writing desk, you start the slow death. The heading passes easily. Next, the salutation. What shall it be? "My dear—"? No, that's too cold. "Dear—" is better. So you begin, "Dear—, I take my pen in hand—." No, no, that's too old. Maybe, "I received your letter of—" would do. Not exactly, because this person knows that you never write first, so why tell her? "I am very well, and hope that this letter will find you the same." That is pretty rank, too, but it will do in a pinch; and three sheets of stationery are enough to start any letter.

Now for the news. Sick or dead relatives always are good in a letter. Therefore three or four lines will be given to this kind of people. If you go to school, something of interest must have happened there. You flunked; received an A; anything like that will do. If you are in business—well, business is punk, or business is good. Something thrilling is always necessary. Perhaps you were arrested for speeding or something else. Anything will do, you know. With about three-quarters of a page written, you discover that news is exhausted. Ah! A brilliant idea! One of those that come only to great persons! Did she ask for any special information? You look. Sure enough she did. She wants to know if Hazel and Jimmie are married yet. They aren't. So you can take up some space explaining why. She wants to know also, whether or not so-and-so has moved. When you answer this question, you find yourself at the end of the rope. So you end the letter with this whopper—"Hoping that you will write soon, I remain—." A sigh of relief, and the letter is slipped into the envelope.

School

Fair school where lurks the blissful past.

Thy halls we leave behind;
To always in our hearts hold fast

Thy memory enshrined.
The years we've spent 'neath thy caress
Were years of youthful joy,
And thoughts of thee with tenderness
We'll keep without alloy.

Thy stately form has grown so dear
To us who must pass on
And leave what we would fain be near
To meet another dawn.
May all our dawns as pleasant be,
As we sail on through life.
And may we say when ends its sea,
We vanquished in the strife.

EDDIE H. BITZ

Is Your Face Popular?

Every face tells a story, reveals a keynote of some unique characteristic. Out on our broad campus are a multitude of youthful countenances, each backed up by a fable of life.

There is the full, rosy visage that speaks of placid contentment and a good appetite. There are the lovely and handsome faces that tell of beauty's popularity and poise. There are pale faces with deep set eyes and broad brows that tell of deep thinking and great minds in the making. Vivid and sunny ones sing out a tune of real fun and mischief. Faces, much distorted and altered by the touch of cosmetics, hide the lines that speak. Emotionless countenances and worried ones have their message to the world.

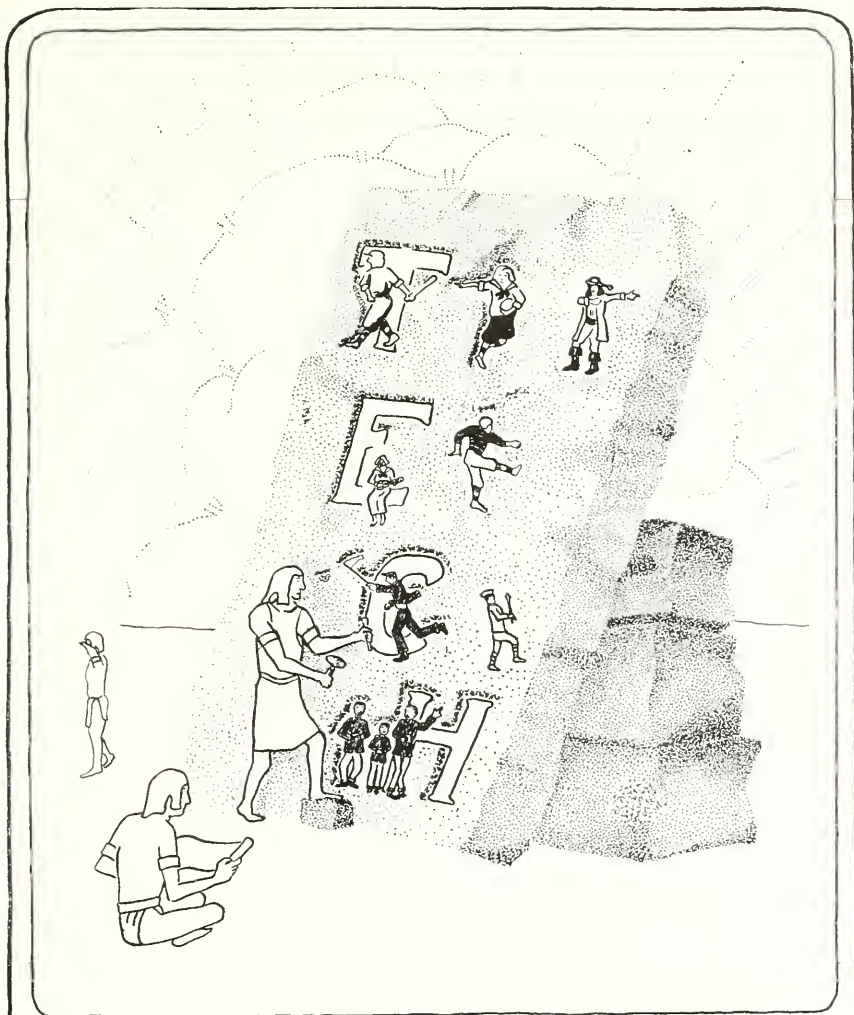
What face among these do we enjoy the most? We now ask, and the popular vote says the jolly, the smiling one. There is something about the pleasant visage that breathes of a radiant soul and youthful happiness. There is a something undefinable, yet omnipresent, about such a face that inspires us to do greater things.

Make your face popular by offering a smile to your comrades, thereby not only disclosing your cheerful life story but also giving them your pleasant story to live up to.

Just Think

If everyone at old Tech High
Would smile just once a day,
Four thousand smiles would then be had
To make this old world gay.
And if each one at old Tech High
Would smile 'bout thrice a day,
Twelve thousand smiles would be turned
loose
And joy would hold full sway.
A smile can turn most any test
Into just a jolly pun;
Let's circulate big loads of smiles
And all tests will be fun.

A leaf hits the ground and dies; a seed takes root and grows. Which are you, leaf or seed?



Activities

chet bright 24



THE TECH BAND AT ATTENTION

DRUM-MAJOR—IVAN YEAGER DIRECTOR—MR. FRANK BARKER
CADET-CAPTAIN—WAYNE VAN SICKLE



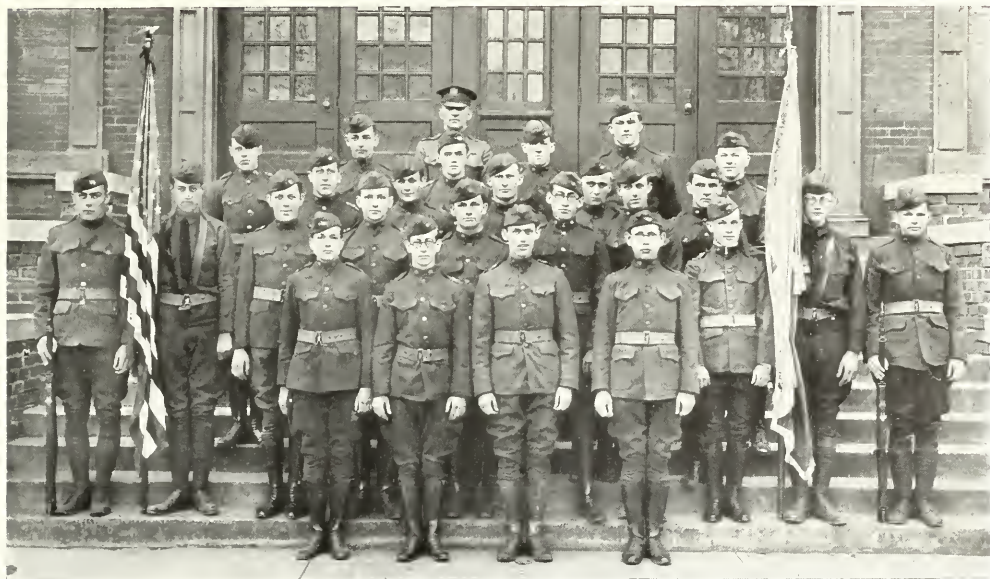
CAPTAIN SCHROEDER



R. O. T. C. INSPECTION STAFF



SERGEANT WOLFF



OFFICERS OF THE R. O. T. C.

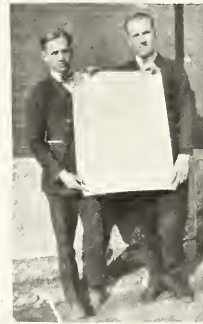
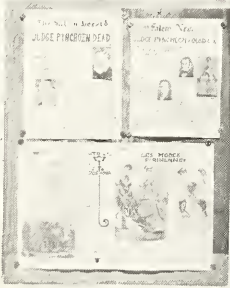
P. M. S. AND T. (TECH)—CAPTAIN SCHROEDER CADET-COLONEL—LYLE CLIFT
ASST. TO P. M. S. AND T.—SER. PRUITT, STAFF-SER. WOLFF



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SPANISH SET
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OUTSIDE MUSIC CLUB



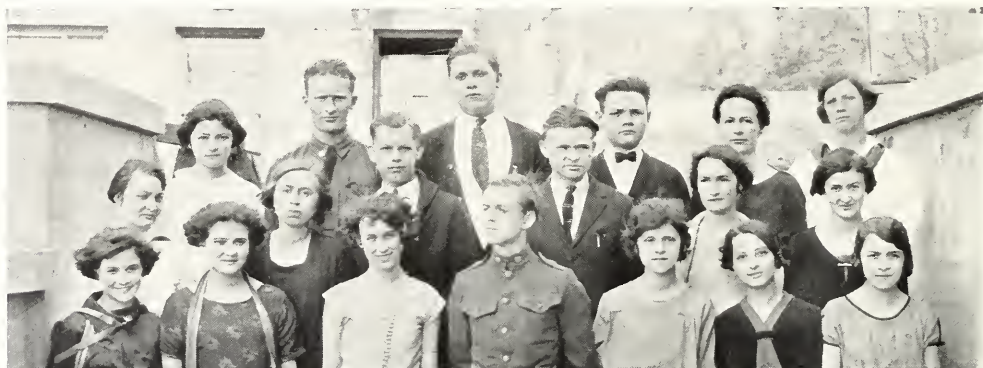
DEBATING CLUB



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 TREASURER—KATHERINE KARCH
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LIBRARIAN—ELIZABETH ENGLE

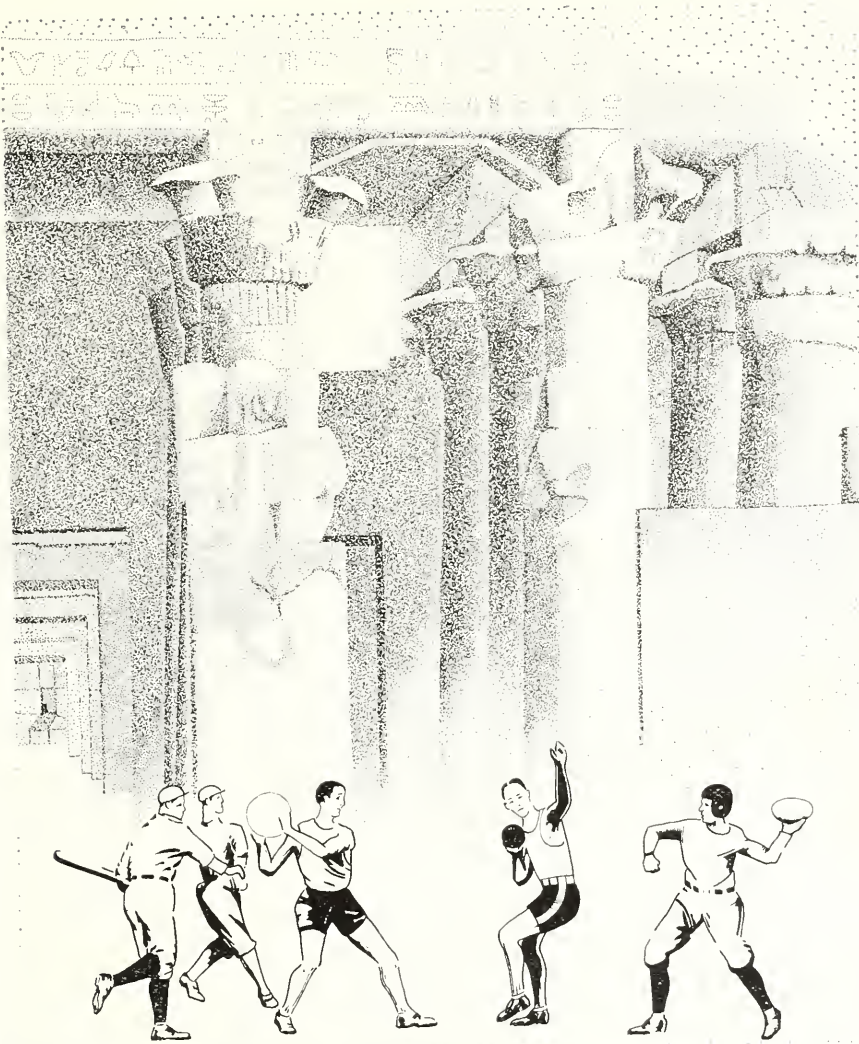
HISTORIAN—JOHN D. CHRISTIE

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—GEORGE A. NEWTON



A CLASS IN POTTERY





SPORTS

LB Schmutte



Coach Black, Hagaman, Manager Gorman, Babcock, Asst. Coach Mueller, Hite, Hickman, Gordon, Hawkins, Rabe, Clift

Basket-ball Summary

THE 1923-24 basket-ball season was one marked by many successes, not in the number of games won, as ten out of fifteen were lost, but in the way Tech played the game. The team fought hard to the final whistle, striving to keep up the honor of the school. Even though many times playing a losing game, they never failed to uphold the traditional "never die" spirit. Sportsmanship, above all, was a feature of every contest, both on the part of the team and of the spectators.

When the first call was issued, as usual, it was answered with a will. In the first few days nearly two hundred turned out for practice. Several cuts in the squad were made until it was reduced to a manageable number. Due to the overlapping of the football and basket-ball seasons, football men did not turn out till later. A first and second squad were formed, the first

under Coach Black, and the second under Mr. Ketterly.

As in former years league teams were organized to keep up interest in basket ball among those not on the two teams. Games with outside schools were arranged for the second team as well as for the first.

With a first squad of ten men and a second squad of seventeen. Tech prepared for one of the hardest schedules imaginable, sixteen games in all.

The season started well for Tech with three straight victories. They downed Sheridan, Elwood, and Broad Ripple in successive games. In the next contest, however, they were handed the first defeat of the season, 35 to 24, at the hands of the fast Richmond five. Tech added another feather to her cap by defeating Shortridge in the second game of the city series, and only Manual

stood between her and the championship. Again Tech suffered defeat, this time at the hands of Louisville (Male) and Newcastle. Then in a hard contest with Manual, she clinched the city series 24 to 22.

Tech's luck seemed at an end. In the last seven games she suffered as many defeats. However, this reflects no disgrace on the team as in these matches they met some of the strongest fives in the state.

Pretournament dope gave Tech the edge in the local sectional. In the first game of the tourney she easily defeated Cumberland 20 to 14. Tech dropped West Newton in the second round 32 to 16. Then, by defeating Manual in the semi-finals, she was scheduled to oppose Southport for final honors.

This last game was witnessed by one of the largest crowds on record. Tech did not lack fight but went down to glorious defeat 38 to 35. A wonderful comeback was staged by the team for at one time they were twelve points behind. An extra five minutes was needed to decide who would be the victor.

Freshman Basket-ball Summary

Our freshman basket-ball team, coached by Mr. Copple, came through a series of games in a manner that would indicate a bright future for the varsity team of the next three years. They won six out of seven games played, the one defeat coming from the strong Brownsburg five. There were sixteen boys who stayed the whole season and received their A. T. S. buttons. The first five and substitutes were: Vernon Craveus, John Harris, Melvin Jones, Stanfield Krueger, Fox Thompson, Arnold Demmery, Arthur Reinking, Franklin Farmer, Charles Pahud, John Rosenbaum, Raymond Wiltshire, Donald Griffith, Leroy McClary, Donald Crowe, Clyde Ford, and Kenneth Porter.

Tech	19	(Here)	Valley Mills	11
Tech	19	(Here)	Ben Davis	3
Tech	22	(Here)	Brownsburg	18
Tech	15	(There)	Brownsburg	34
Tech	20	(Brownsburg)	Manual	3
Tech	27	(There)	Ben Davis	20
Tech	34	(There)	Valley Mills	21

Perhaps you remember that last year we ended each edition of "Between the Lines" with an original rhyme. This explains the following:

We used to think a bard we'd be,
But it's awful hard to write poetry;
So just once more for old times' sake,
To end our column this rhyme we'll make.



By Ted Nicholas and Bob O'Neil

Well, gang, here goes for the last time. This is our farewell column. Say, and we're not foolin' when we tell you that we hate to quit. We hope that you have enjoyed reading our column and we want to add that we've had plenty of fun writing it. That's not all tonkey-talk either about the enjoyment we got from writing this. Sincerely, folks, we sure hate to stop—but such is Life!

Our first "Between the Lines" appeared last October eighth, after the Tech-Steele grid battle. We felt the need of some such column at that contest. After thinking it over, we conceived our original heading and had our first illustrative "cut" made to lead off with. All together we've used five different "cuts" with our heading. We modestly admit that we were the first ones on the ARSENAL CANNON who ever had a sport column with its own "cuts."



THE TOONERVILLE REPORTERS

By being on the job at Elwood (twice), Kirklin, Martinsville, Shelbyville, Franklin, and Irvington, we acquired the title of Toonerville reporters.

Tech	19	Manual	0	at the half
Tech	52	Manual	0	final score

We'll never forget that game!

Do you remember Deac's 85 yard run for a touchdown at Kirklin? Thriller, wasn't it?

Of course you'll not forget Rabe's consistent foul goal shooting in the sectional!

The Front Row Gang ran us a close race on our out-of-town trips. Their regulars were: Miss Renard, Miss Hooker, Miss Burnside, and Miss Houser.



Hamilton, Williams, Rosebaum, Tuck, Allen, Tuttle, Fillenworth, Lewis, Brady, Bennett, Coach Abbett

Girls' Varsity Basket Ball

In 1913 for the first time the Tech girls' team was organized to play outside schools. Each year since then Tech has had cause to notice and to be proud of the progress made by her girls' varsity team, for every season adds some credit to Tech's good name. This year they won the city championship for the second year in succession.

The games and the scores are as follows:

Tech	16	Indiana School for Deaf	13
Tech	34	Indiana School for Deaf	14
Tech	13	Normal College	15
Tech	10	Shortridge	10
Tech	36	Lawrence	16
Tech	24	Manual	6
Tech	24	Butler College	12
Tech	13	Shortridge	6
Tech	26	Manual	4

Total	196	Total	105
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Monogram Game

To decide the basket-ball awards, the first and second teams played the Monogram game at the close of the season. The judges of the Monogram game were Tech teachers. According to their decision Lorene Allen, Ruth

Williams, Louise Lewis, Edith Hamilton, Esther Bennett, and Ruth Fillenworth were awarded T. H. S. monograms; Viola Tuttle, Margaret Cathcart, and Margaret Brady were awarded A. T. S. buttons.

Tennis

Tennis, under the coaching of Mr. Campbell, has rapidly come to the front at Tech. At the time the magazine went to press, plans were formed to choose a team to represent Tech against outside schools. Matches with Manual and Shortridge were pending.

Increased interest in tennis will warrant its becoming a major sport. In a few years it will probably take its place beside football, basket ball, baseball, and track.

Spring Football Practice

Spring football practice was held, this year, under the general direction of Coach Mueller and the personal supervision of Coach Chenoweth. As it was the first year that a practice of this kind had been held, it was something in the nature of an experiment; but it succeeded very well, and, having seen just how much can be accomplished by spring practice, from now on Coach Mueller will, no doubt, call for spring footballers every season.



Second Team Triumphs

Perhaps the true Tech fighting spirit is best illustrated by the manner in which the second squads turn out for every sport. Diligently, industriously, these supporters come out for practice, receiving no reward, but content with the knowledge that they are "doing their bit." So the girls' second team turned out for basket ball. These eleven girls, with the indomitable spirit of never quitting, came out for practice and finally developed into a second team worthy of bearing the name of Tech.

This was the first year that the girls' second team played outside teams in basket ball. Formerly, the league games were the only ones played. Under the coaching of Mrs. Cleveland, the Tech team lost only one game out of the four played this season. The girls who played were: forwards, Clara Foxworthy, Margaret Cathcart, Helen Goode, Maud Heistand; centers, Ruth Omelvena, Mary Cobb, Alda Rufner, Mary Johnson; guards, Helen Harlin, Alberta Mack, Alma Shank.

The games and scores:

Tech	10	Deaf and Dumb School	5
Tech	34	Heath Memorial	4
Tech	19	Deaf and Dumb School	2
Tech	15	Brightwood	13
Total		Total	29

"Can and Will are cousins, who never trust to luck,
Will is the child of Energy, Can is the son of Pluck,
Can't and Won't are cousins too, always out of work:
Won't is the son of Never Try, and Can't is the son of Shirik.
—Exchange.



Ode to the Football Cup

Here's to the cup,—that football cup
That honors the Green and White;
Here's to the team,—the mighty good team
That won it with their fight.

Here's to the cup,—the football cup
That stands for Tech pride and fame;
Here's to the team,—the mighty good team
That won it with each game.

Here's to the cup,—the football cup
That tells of good playing that's been;
Here's to the team,—our own splendid team
That knew how to play and to win.

MARY LATHAM

The "Futurity" Meet

Coach Black introduced the "Futurity" meet to Tech, this year, in order to encourage and arouse future track possibilities. The affair, which was held May third on our athletic field, proved to be a big success. A large number of boys, who will be eligible for future competition, participated in the various events. The competition was strong throughout and some good records were made in a number of events. As an added incentive, ribbons were awarded in each event to those who placed first, second, or third. Clifford Wilson carried off high point honors with 24 points. He captured four firsts, a second, and a third. Because of its value, we predict a permanent place for the "Futurity" meet in our future spring athletic programs.

Tech Quartet Set New Record

At the state track meet, where six records were broken, Tech featured in breaking one of them—the half-mile relay. The Tech quartet ran the half-mile relay in 1:36.5 off set a new record.

The fault with. "Do unto others as ye would be done by." is that we can never decide how we wish to be done by.



Coach Lampert, Vincel, Maxwell, Manager Gorman, Jackson, Counselman, Myers, Coach Black Eppen, Lowry, McCalip, Boles, Clift, Hagaman, Leet, Wilson, Morris, Yeager Drane, Lee, McCalla, Rush, Smith, Hite, Schmutte, Goodwine, Johnson.

Track Summary

THE Tech track team began its season, this year, in an altogether fitting and proper style; first, by grabbing the long end of a 55-44 score from Noblesville; and then, by advancing $26\frac{1}{2}$ points ahead of its nearest competitor in a triangular meet held between Tech, Shelbyville, and Connersville. The next meet was taken from Anderson, by a 61-33 score.

The track men have been practicing since last fall, and, by this work and also by the fact that some of the material were last year's men, Coach Black has developed a speedy set of runners. Maurice Rush and Rodney Drane, both off the squad last year on account of injuries and sickness, developed into a pair of dash men that was very hard to beat; and to them goes credit for a considerable part of the flock of points that were chalked up in each meet by Technical. Counselman, Hagaman, and Morris represented Tech in the longer dash; and Smith (ineligible after the first meet), Schmutte, and Goodwine, in the 380 yard run. In the mile run Maxwell and McCalla could always be depended upon for some counters.

Mr. Lampert, with almost no nucleus about which to build a set of jumpers, had a very hard task set before him; but, nevertheless, he developed some very creditable men for these positions. Rush, McCalip, and Yeager did the broad jumping; Leet and Eppen, the high jumping; and Hite, Collyer, and Sparks, the vaulting.

Mr. Chenoweth, who coached the shot putters, used Rush and Bolles mostly in the meets; but he has been spending some time on new recruits who will probably make their appearance next season.

Clift, Yeager, and Vincel represented Tech in the low hurdles; and McCalip, Leet, and Clift, in the high hurdles.

Track Scores

SECTIONAL: Tech $48\frac{7}{8}$; Manual 23; Martinsville $10\frac{1}{2}$; Franklin $4\frac{2}{3}$; Greenfield, Shortridge, Southport, and Broadripple 2; Danville $\frac{1}{2}$.

STATE: Kokomo 13; Elkhart and Wabash 11; Reitz 10; Brazil 9; Rochester and Tech 8.



Coach Mueller, E. Jordan, Jones, Arnold, Reilly, C. Queisser, Manager Gorman
Klingholz, Kornblum, R. Queisser, C. Jordan, Collyer, Rhea
Gordon, Rush, Riley, Rabe, Harrel.

Baseball Summary

IT'S AN old, old story. Another big year in baseball! Year in and year out Tech baseball nines add victories to our ever-increasing string. Each season we have one of the most powerful teams in the state. We have sluggers, fielders, and pitchers galore here at Tech, and every spring our coach comes along and molds them into a finely-balanced aggregation.

This year, Coach Mueller's team set out to outdo its predecessors. Although the team was handicapped at the first of the season on account of poor weather conditions, they got away to a flying start by drubbing Lawrence, 24 to 2. In the next game, West Newton was the victim by a 4 to 1 count. Due to rain, this game was called in the fifth inning. This fact accounts for the small score.

Tech journeyed to Shelbyville to win the season's first out-of-town game by a 13 to 7 margin. A few days later, the Shelby lads played a return game on our own athletic field. We marked up our fourth consecutive victory by defeating them, 14 to 4. Shelbyville used

practically their entire pitching staff in a vain effort to halt our slugging spree. We scored seven of our fourteen runs in the second frame. Our team won its second out-of-town game at Newcastle, 19 to 6.

In our next encounter we vanquished Manual by a 2 to 1 score. This fracas was an exciting, hard-fought pitchers' duel. Better pitching and timely hitting enabled us to overcome our rivals, however. This was the second game of the six-game city high school series, Manual having won from Shortridge in the first contest.

In the third game of the city series we trounced Shortridge by a 5 to 1 score in an abbreviated clash. The game was called in the last half of the sixth frame because of a heavy downpour of rain.

At the time this article was written, no other games had been played, but there is not the slightest doubt, however, concerning the outcome of the remaining contests because Tech's baseball successes are traditional. It's an old, old story. Yes, sir! but it certainly is a mighty sweet one.



Get Set!



Taking 'em on high!



The Coach in action



Before the "Futurity" meet



Hit it at a Height



The field entrance



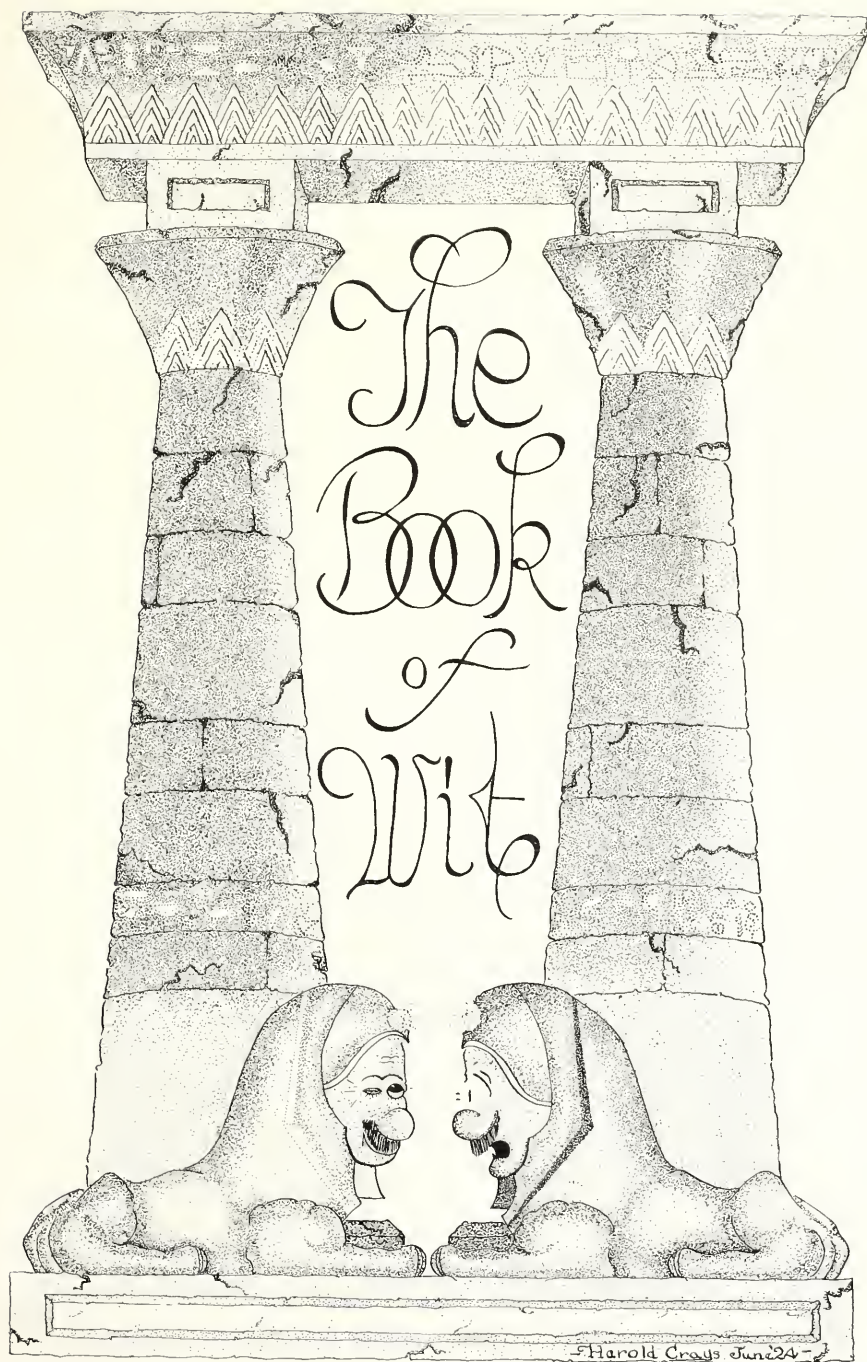
Our first baseman



Tennis Courts



Snowy Reminiscences



An Egyptian Anthology

'Neath the Sunkist skies of Egypt
 Across the Burning Sands
 To his home within the pyramids
 Rode the King of Desert Lands.
 In his rich lined robe of purple
 He sat beside the Sphinx
 And looked his domains over
 From oasis to golf links.
 To the right of His High Honor
 The camels grazed in peace.
 The Nile stretched out before him
 All filled with steamboat grease.
 From the left a galloping caravan
 Approached at speedy pace;
 He saw it was his daughter
 In a Dromedary race.
 Sheiks followed close behind her.
 The King loud cursed the fates
 That they should act so boldly,
 But this was a land of dates.
 With great hieroglyphics
 The word came along
 That King Tut and Cleopatra
 Were coming to play Mah Jongg.
 He fast forgave his daughter
 For that certain time, at least;
 He called a splendid orchestra
 And prepared a gorgeous feast.
 A mellow moon rose o'er them all
 When the mummies sounded "Mess"
 And the balmy air was laden
 With Egyptian happiness.
 And from the big Palm Olives
 A song came, soft and low:
 "Keep that schoolgirl complexion
 Of a thousand years ago."

MARY LATHAM

Kind Old Lady: Why don't you make those boys stop fighting?

Small Bystander: Who, me? It took me two weeks to get them started.

Dick McCrary: Why are you crying so, little man?

B. Robbins: My sister's cat died today.

Dick: How sweet! And did you love your sister's cat so dearly?

Bud: Naw, but paw gimme a lickin' for throwin' it in the well.

Dot: She has a keen sense of humor.

Tot: How do you make that out?

Dot: Why, she smiles every time she sees herself in the mirror.

An Englishman out snipe shooting in Ireland asked if the bog was sound and had a good bottom to it.

"It has, indade, your honor, as hard as a rock," he was assured.

The Saxon started in and soon found himself sinking rapidly.

"You villain," he roared to the countryman, "you said it had a sound, hard bottom!"

"It has, indade, your honor, but you haven't reached it yet!"

An Affirmative Negative

The irate customer shook his portrait in the photographer's face.

"Do I look like this picture? The thing's an outrage. Why, you've given me an awful squint and the look of a prize-fighter. Now, answer me and no nonsense about it. Do you call this a good likeness?"

The photographer scanned the print, then looked at the customer.

"The answer," he said, "is in the negative."

Sharp Boy

A teacher was giving his class a lesson about the great forest.

He asked, "Which boy can tell the pine which has the longest and sharpest needle? Well, Johnny?"

"Please, sir, porcupine."

Nature Class

Teacher: Now, Nancy, can you tell us what a primitive forest is?

Nancy: A primitive forest is where no human hand has ever set foot.

Hinks: How many men work in your office?

Jinks: Oh, about two-thirds of them.

Onlooker: You were very brave to rescue the boy after he fell through the ice. What prompted you?

Boy Hero: He was wearing my skates.

Mother to John who fell down stairs: Oh, John, did you miss a step?

John: No, dear, hit every blessed one of them.

Author: Give me your honest opinion of this story.

Editor: It's utterly worthless.

A: I know, but give it any way.



"Toby"



Ruth Duvall



Maurice Rush



Eugenia Harris



"O.K. McK"

Toby

This wee little chap who is not very old
Is young Toby Maxwell, we have been told.
A tin race car seems to state
Of Toby's fine athletic trait;
But when this child grew up some more
He became the president of June '24.

Ruth

Miss Ruth Duvall, when very wee,
Was just as dear as she could be.
A doll she held in her hand then,
But now she holds a "log book" pen;
A charming baby she was, *very*.
And now she's our class secretary.

Maury

Maurice Rush, when young and gay,
Sat in his buggy through the day;
His baby hand wasn't small
But just ideal for good football.
He's grown up to his baby charms
And is now the June class sergeant-at-arms.

Eugenia

This little maid so neat and sweet,
Eugenia Harris—you must meet.
Such a tiny girl with a parasol
Proves that treasures are so often small,
And though she's still a tiny lass
She's the loved vice-president of our class

O. K.

The bright-eyed infant, full of play,
Is a chap we all now call O. K.
His cherub face just seems to tell
That he would know just how to yell,
That his acting would always pass,
And that he would be treasurer of his class.

A Timely Revelation

A poet can not write a poem
Without an inspiration.
He must allow his mind to roam,
And use imagination.
If he but gap at lark or wren
In abject adoration,
And then in hand just take his pen
And write with exaltation,
Eventually without a doubt
He wins congratulation,
And all the public sing and shout
With praise for his creation.
But now, alas, I'll write no more.
Great is my consternation
To find I'm not a poet, for
I had no inspiration.

Onward, onward, oh time in thy flight.
Make the bell ring before I recite.—*Klaxon*

Ring True

Don't be what you ain't,
Jes' be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is.
If you're a little tadpole,
Don't try to be a frog;
If you're just the tail,
Don't try to wag the dog.
You can always pass the plate,
If you can't exhort and preach.
If you're just a little pebble,
Don't try to be the beach.
Don't be what you ain't,
Jes' be what you is.
For the man who plays it square,
Is a-goin' to get "his."

Player: I have a pain in my neck.
Coach: Maybe the rubber's broken.

Grammar

Be careful of your grammar,
Don't let nobody find
You ain't been taught how you had
ought

To speak what's in your mind.
I never knowed no person
What wouldn't find their speech
Improved a lot by learning what
The grammars has to teach.

Them grammar books will learn you
How English should be spoke,
So you won't make no bad mistake
Like crude uncultured folk.
Don't never talk like they does,
There ain't no reason why
You couldn't be as smart as me,
And learn to talk like I.

Us educated people,
Wherever we have went,
Finds others whom fills us with gloom
Because they are content
To speak the English language
Without no kind of care,
Though if they looks, they's grammar books
To learn 'em everywhere!

Ain't No Such Car

The teacher was trying to bring out the word,
"perseverance," and she asked:

"What is it that carries a man along rough
roads, up hills, and down through jungles and
swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence for a moment, then a
motor dealer's little boy spoke up: "Please,
Miss, there ain't no such car."

—*Boston Transcript*

A man was being questioned at Holt's on
his suitability for a fairly important job as a
mechanic. On being asked if he was an all-
round mechanic, the applicant replied: "Oh,
yes. For six years I had experience at the
Ford works." "And what did you do there all
that time?" "Well," said the man, "I screwed
on nut 437."

—*Exchange*

Rain spatters 'gainst the window
In the night!
Rows of street-lamps shed a mellow,
Misty light!
I sit alone and think of you,
Unfaithful fella!
Come, to your promise once be true,
Return—with my umbrella!

Miss Wise: Please sing this song patheti-
cally. When John McCormick first sang it in
New York it moved the audience to tears.

Harwood Badger: That's nothing. When my
brother first played the piano it moved five
families from our neighborhood.

In London they were discussing advertising.
"Great stuff, these electric signs on Broadway,"
said the Yankee. "They've got one advertising
Wrigley's gum, runs a whole block, 250,000
electric bulbs."

"How many?" cried the astonished Londoner.
"250,000," answered the Yankee.

The Londoner observed, "But I say, old chap,
isn't that a bit conspicuous?" —*Exchange*

It is admittedly difficult to recover a lost
flivver. But the best suggestion comes from our
own Mrs. Eckstrom, who advises in an ad:
"Lizzie, come home; all is forgiven."

Freshman (studying Latin aloud): Perfect.
I was. Pluperfect, I will be.

Innocent Bystander: Gee, ain't she the con-
ceited one?

Marion S.: What be yer charge fer a funeral
notice in yer paper?

Ham, the Editor: Fifty cents an inch.

Marion S.: Good heavens! An' my poor
brother was six feet high.

Dumb: Gee, I feel like an Egyptian mummy.

Dumber: How's that?

Dumb: Pressed for time.

Old Lady: I am looking for my little Fido.
Street Urchin: Den why stare at me? Do
I look anything like him?

Old Lady: No, Fido had white ears.

Prof.: Now I want you to succeed in this
exam.

Sonny: So do I. Let's pull together.

Young Newly-Wed: How can I keep fish
from smelling?

Experienced Wife: Cut their noses off.

Mr. Wise: Of course you went up the Nile?
Mr. Bluffer: You bet! And what a view
from the summit!

So I took the \$50,000 and bought chairs for
the standing army.



That Accounts for It

Visitor (at studio): How did you get that actress to do such wonderful grief in the new picture?

Director: I told her I was going to cut down her salary.

Ambition

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman at whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."

Can't All Be Guilty

A man who broke into a house recently took nothing but a graphophone. All the neighbors now are under suspicion.

Immigration Inspector (questioning mentality of new arrival): If I gave you a dog, this man gave you a dog, this other man gave you a dog, and that man gave you a dog, how many dogs would you have?

Irishman: Foive dogs.

Inspector: Five dogs! How could you possibly have five dogs?

Irishman: Because I have one dog at home.

One of the best schoolboy howlers and quite authentic was the reply to the following question: "What is algebra?"

The answer given was: "Algebra was the wife of Euclid." —*John o'London's Weekly*

Di Gestion

Dear Di:

Can you recommend a cure for bald heads?
GROWING BALD

Dear Growing Bald:

Cover it with hair.

Dear Di:

What's all over school? It must be scandalous, but I can't find out what it is.

PUZZLED

Dear Puzzled:

It's probably the roof.

Dear Di:

What makes Parker Burns' hair so curly?

DOUBTFUL

Dear Doubtful:

The irons.

Too Much Grace

Mistress: I told them 7 o'clock for dinner, Mary, but I think we'll give them a quarter of an hour's grace.

Mary: Well, mum, I'm as fond of religion as anyone, but I calls that rather overdoin' it.

—*Tid-Bits (London)*

Shush!

The night was dark,

The sky was blue.

And down the alley a villain flew;

And from his breast a dagger he drew,

And placed it in

An oyster stew.

Tardy slips! Where? Staff room! Why? The other day a quaking freshman knocked timidly on the door and inquired in a trembling voice. "Please, may I have a tardy slip?"

Junior: When I read about this electricity and the wonderful things connected with it, it makes me think.

Senior: Wonderful thing—this electricity.

Etiquette

Sam: What's etiquette?

Will: It's saying *no, thank you*, when you want to holler *gimme*.
—*Ex.*

The curtain rose for the last act on the darkened bedroom of the villain. A window was opened stealthily. A dark, crouching form entered the chamber and crept to the bed. There was a violent struggle in the dark, a sickening crash, a gurgling sound, and a heavy object struck the floor with a thud. A breathless silence, then a horrid whisper: "Oh! What have I done?"

"Strike a match," said a voice in the audience, "and we'll have a look."

Mike: Pat, I bet that I was on a faster train than you.

Pat: I'll bet you weren't.

Mike: The train I was on went so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a board fence.

Pat: That's nothing. I was on a train going through the country, when I passed a field of corn, a field of potatoes, a field of onions, a field of tomatoes, a field of carrots, a field of beans, a field of peas, and then a pond of water. We were going so fast it looked like vegetable soup.



Who's Who at Tech

Betty Guest	Jenny Lind
Horace Moorman	The Little Giant
Walter Wagonner	Ted Lewis
Roscoe Kirkman	Luther Burbank
Essie White	Mary Garden
Ewell Newman	Mischa Elman

The Honorable Robert Finney received the shock of his entire span of years when some sweet young thing suggested his nomination as chairman of his roll room. He received another shock when he was elected.

George Hite! Boom! Boom! Do not be frightened, little one! He is not as ferocious as his voice sounds.

Miss Eugenia Harris, the big little vice-president, is large in importance, but small in size.

Dorothy Lovelace was chosen chairman of the costume committee for the "Romantic Age" because she brings back a breath of the romance of the Middle Ages herself.

Elmer Roberts, L. L. D., expounds his dominant conception of society notwithstanding a mental state chiefly characterized by a process of reflection. (Page Webster, quick!)

Earl Thorpe has acquired a new name. What is it? Why, Mr. Four-Per-Cent, of course. Mr. Thorpe will kindly oblige you with an explanation.

Oren Allen is seriously considering a position with U. Shootem Photoplay Company. It is rumored that he will take Lon Chaney's place with the organization.

Phyllis Nordstrom has finally decided to take up cartooning as her life profession. This decision was made after her cartoons made such a hit (smash! bang!) with her teachers.

Maury Rush has achieved proficiency in one of the most difficult tasks known to mankind. After hours of practice on a bedpost at home, he was able to tie a bow-tie on his august self in Expression. No doubt it is a great relief to all members of his family to know that Maury now ties his ties to suit himself.

Julia Ann Hunt and Genevieve McNellis have a great antipathy for the stockyards. We wonder why.

Alice Arnold is simply entranced by violin music, especially if the player is good looking.

The Waste Basket

Of all the baskets, great and small,
The old waste basket leads them all.
All the letters written by me
Go in the basket, don't you see?

Have any of you seen the pictures of Katherine Emrich which were taken when she was a freshie? All we can say is, "How Katy has changed."

We would like to introduce you to Sir Johnny Haynes, K. O. G.

Clara Foxworthy is an adorable maid. She is not at all ordinary.

Horace Moorman is a star debater. We wonder how he got his experience.

We find that Charles Byfield has offered a liberal reward for the return of his toothless comb that he uses in orchestra practice. Charlie feels lost without this necessary asset.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen

Lost, strayed, or stolen—A pencil a day. Finders please return to Laura Schultz.

Wanted—A trained servant. References may be presented to Miss Fogg.

Found—Archie Mercey's compendious, succinct vocabulary.

Lost—Our solemnity, somewhere in the vicinity of the senior party. Finder please forward to the January seniors. We do not need it any more.

JUNE SENIOR CLASS

Deep, dark mystery. Mary Tall and Elberta Witt are always late to roll call. All Tech detectives are running down clues. They hope to have the mystery solved very soon.

Betty Vollmer has one terror which overshadows her life. What is it? Perhaps you had better ask the little lady herself.



Popular Plays at Tech

Raymond Katzenberger	The Romantic Age
Russel Clift	The Barefoot Boy
Paul Porter	Down to the Sea in Ships
Jessie Lloyd	Smilin' Through
Kenneth Cornwell	Mr. Pim Passes By
Minor Conn	The Highwayman
Frances Peters	The Virginian
Charles Byfield	Captain Applejack

Betty Engle is so shy and demure. Indeed, she always exhibits this charm in Expression.

Dorothea Smith just adores tall, athletic fellows with curly hair. Does anyone know a person who would answer to this description?

Dorothy Plummer likes Broad Ripple. How about it, Dot?

Leonard Schmutte and Al Rabe have tied for honors in the race that was to decide who consumes the most food during roll call. Mr. Schmutte and Mr. Rabe will be presented with a handsomely embossed, fully guaranteed, non-breakable, insured, and elastic peach pie.

Paulwirth Waldo has planned to enter the insurance business as a salesman, but, because of recent occurrences, has decided to enter as a policy holder.

Ward Reeves has just found out what kind of perfume Mildred Riser and Elmer Roberts use. Mr. Reeves is making a name for himself as one of the foremost discoverers of modern times.

Many teachers must feel as Mr. Richardson does when students in his classes are absent. His sentiment is, "Absence does not make the heart grow fonder."

It Would Be Funny If:

Florence was big instead of Little.
 Marian was roots instead of Seeds.
 Malcolm was a Firestone instead of a Kelly.
 Louis was oats instead of Rice.
 Lester was a Rolls-Royce instead of a Ford.
 Charles was a robin instead of a Martin.
 Lillian was an ear instead of a Shuck.
 Charles was a White instead of a Stewart.
 Dorothy was a line instead of a Hook.
 Dick was a wolf instead of a Fox.
 Howard was a hatchet instead of a Hammer.
 Paul was a bell-boy instead of a Porter.
 Ralph was a coat instead of a Hood.
 Maurice was the chauffeur instead of the Butler.

Barbara was dark instead of Light.
 Bruce was tame instead of Savage.
 Gil was less instead of Moore.
 Mildred was June instead of May.
 Pete was Emerson instead of Reilly (Riley).
 Roberta was Milton instead of Carlyle.
 Mabel came instead of Wendt.

Bob Avels has a future before him. Perhaps you do not know that he is a professional designer.

Keith Smith has a number of ambitions. Several years ago he decided to be a marine and an undertaker. The training that would best prepare him for the undertaker, he thought, was being a marine.

Don Hawkins went ahawkin' after hawks; but when the hawks saw Don Hawkins ahawkin', the hawks flew away asquawkin'.

Toby Maxwell can run faster than a real Maxwell. In fact, he is a regular deer! (Oh, Toby. Who said that?)

Thompson Abbet makes a lot of noise in the band.
 Helen Brown handles the gavel quite well.
 Isabel Broom is truly a ray of sunshine.
 Susan Hiatt certainly can talk music.

Isabelle Early doesn't always live up to her name.
 Susan Delbrook is a great tennis player.

Thelma May is a very cute girl—everyone seems to think so.
 Helene Winterhoff is glad that summer is here.
 Eileen Kerr is the Irish rose of Tech.

Elbert Davis loves Tech so that he had to come back.
 Neoma Mote is thinking of changing her name to Jane.
 Dolores Snyder seems to be very much interested in Butler.

Autographs

Mike Butler P. D. L. winter organization

